

Life

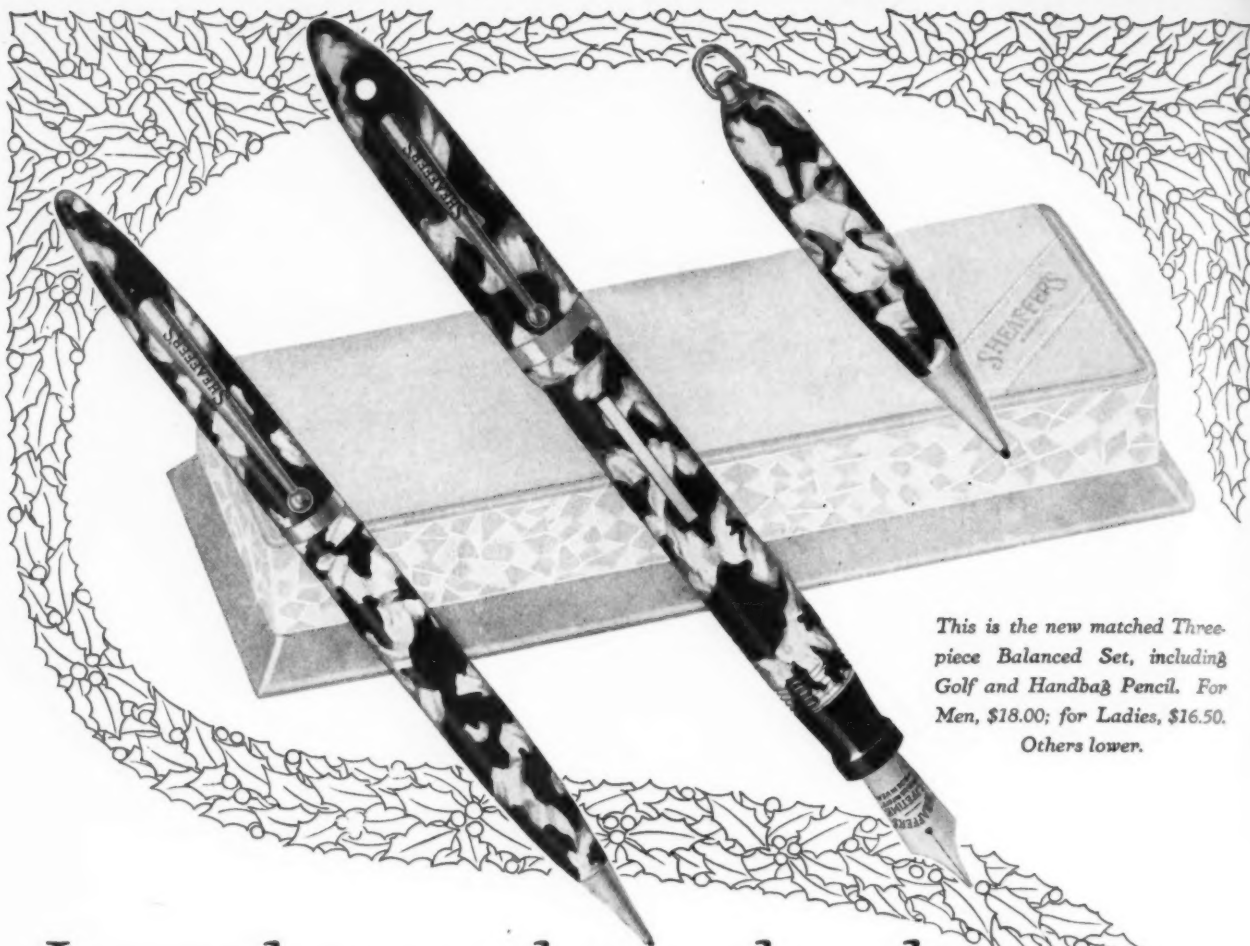
November 8, 1929

10¢



Air Minded

*RUFFEN
PATTON*



This is the new matched Three-piece Balanced Set, including Golf and Handbag Pencil. For Men, \$18.00; for Ladies, \$16.50. Others lower.

It need never be replaced, this Lifetime° gift

Through this Christmas and every coming Christmas, a Lifetime° pen serves on; it is guaranteed to perform like new for the owner's lifetime. Longest-lived, most useful, is this velvet-boxed set, tapered gracefully and Balanced for swift, easy writing. Within this chest are three matched Sheaffer Balanced writing instruments, one of them the new writing companion for golf and handbag. It's a complete pencil with extra leads and eraser, fashioned for a firm grip and so compact that it clips to a watch-chain or carries unnoticed in vanity bag, knickers or dinner coat. Flanked by the pen and pencil that outsell all others in America—what a gift!

At better stores everywhere

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally for your life, and other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against defect in materials and workmanship. Green and black Lifetime° pens, \$8.75; Ladies', \$7.50 and \$8.25. Black and pearl De Luxe, \$10.00; Ladies', \$8.50 and \$9.50. Pencils, \$5.00.

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · DESK SETS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
New York · Chicago · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · 169-173 Fleet Street—Toronto, Ont.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · 199 Regent Street—London
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



SAFETY SKRIP,
successor to ink, 50c
(Refills, 3 for 25c)



Identify the
Lifetime°
pen by this
white dot.

Lifetime°
set illus-
trated, with
genuine
Brazilian
onyx
base, \$12
—others
lower.



SALES WITH NEATNESS and DISPATCH TIMKEN—EQUIPPED

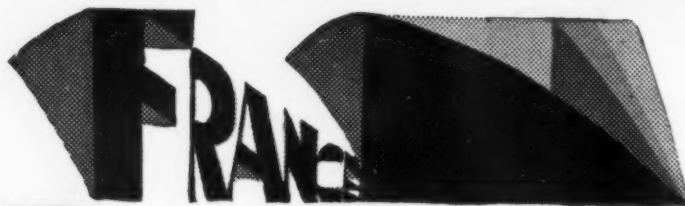
Daughter may be attracted by colors... But Dad's decision is affected by dollars... Car mileage that conceals its age by revealing only enduring youth... in other words "Timken Bearing Equipped".

Future miles are faced with confidence; past miles are merely a matter of speedometer record, while Timken dares shock, speed, torque and thrust to do their worst. Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel form a combination of exclusive reasons why "Timken Bearing Equipped" cars stay young.

But those not mechanically minded need only be certain that the car they buy is "Timken Bearing Equipped"... *and that's that.*

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**



in the Lee of Liberty's Torch

THE longest gangplank in the world" is thirty feet long...but it reaches three thousand miles...the moment you're on board a French liner you're in Paris! Walk into this atmosphere you love...you'll find in Paris-on-the-Atlantic all that makes you happy in Paris-on-the-Seine.

The cuisine...isn't words on a menu, but the fervor of a chef on his own ground. The service...isn't something bought and paid for, but native to the Gallic soul. The gayety...isn't pumped up by a cheer-leader, but an effervescent bubble that can't be kept down.

Ile de France, Dec. 6

France, Nov. 22...Dec. 12

gives you Plymouth in FIVE days with special train for London...le Havre on the morning of the sixth, a covered pier, a three-hour boat-train and Paris in time for lunch.

Those who demand the maximum of gayety in the minimum of time take one of the Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises of the "France", leaving New York, Jan. 11, Feb. 12, Mar. 15, and Apr. 25.

French Line

Information from any authorized
French Line Agent or write direct
to 19 State Street, New York City

LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

(Ready about Nov. 20)

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and increasingly in demand. It makes a most welcome holiday gift for all who love dogs. Most of us do, and, anyway,

Everybody loves LIFE's DOGS.

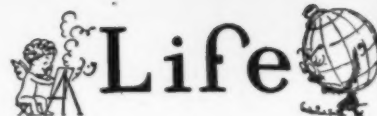
6 Sheets in colors, 10 x 14, price One Dollar.
You'll want it, of course!

Orders may be entered now, to be filled immediately on publication.



LIFE,

598 Madison Avenue,
New York.



November 8, 1929

Vol. 94

Number 2453

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer
NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
PHILIP ROSA, Managing Editor

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada); Foreign, \$6.00.

Jumping at Conclusions

Note—When reading a story that breaks over to another page include the "continued" line—and see what you get.

It developed that they were warning us that a band of robbers were lying in wait on the left branch of the trail. We accordingly took the right and continued on page 4, column 1.

—Detroit Times.

The bright young publicity man met his first reverse when the cool and distant Greta lifted that famous left shoulder so far that it continued on page 8.

—Daily Mirror.

"A blackhand job," declared Police-man R. P. Brown, who made the find continued on page 4, column 5.

—San Francisco Call.

I spent four months there and there were bugs in the pension and I got geloni on my feet. You—you don't want to turn to page 48.

—Delineator.

No Pope has left the Vatican or continued on page 2, column 6.

—Los Angeles Examiner.

It seems there were once two Irishmen continued from page 9.

—Life.

READY!

The Greatest Knowledge Book of all Times



This handsome bookcase table, made of genuine Brown Mahogany, is included with every set of the new Britannica.

Every family can now own this completely new **Encyclopaedia Britannica**

HUMANIZED—"picturized"—made new from cover to cover—the first copies of the new 14th Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica are just off the printing presses! Three years of intensive editorial work...an expenditure of more than \$2,000,000 before a single volume was printed...15,000 superb illustrations...3,500 world-famous contributors...that is the amazing story of the new Britannica!

An Encyclopaedia such as you have never seen before

Only the tremendous resources and prestige of the Britannica could have made possible an achievement like this. Now it is done, and the new Britannica instantly takes its place as America's outstanding work of reference—the world's supreme court of scholarship.

New in plan and purpose, this 14th Edition is doubly new in the important place it gives the knowledge of today. New discoveries in science, modern trends in art, revelations in history, up-to-the-minute technique in sports, handicrafts or manufacturing—all are brought into lucid relation with the time-tried learning of the past.

3,500 world-famous authorities

Never before has such a fascinating, living wealth of practical and scholarly information been combined in a single organized unit. Never before has it been put into a book that every wide-awake American can own, understand and enjoy.

In this new Britannica the "how" is as important as the "why." Recognized leaders in every field of human activity tell not only *what* is done, but *how* to do it. From them you learn the everyday technique of work and sports as well as the profound opinions of science.

The outstanding gift of 1929

This is the year of all years to give the Britannica for Christmas! All the family is included, every one in the home will be thrilled when you make such a gift. It is a gift that means lasting pleasure for young and old alike.

15,000 illustrations

Each feature in the physical make-up of the new Britannica is a triumph of printer's and binder's arts. The color illustrations alone mark it instantly as a super-encyclopaedia. Many of these include rich

gold tones rarely seen in any book before. In them you possess a "home art gallery" of the world's greatest masterpieces. Your whole family will share with you the pleasure of the new Britannica!

The price is extremely low

Not for two generations has a completely new edition of the Britannica been offered at a price so low as this! Mass production on a scale never before possible gives you this set at a fraction of what it would otherwise cost.

Everywhere in America men and women are sending in their orders for the new Britannica. To own a set of the first printing on the present favorable terms you should act without delay! Easy payments, if desired. An initial payment of only \$5.00 brings the complete set and mahogany bookcase table to your home.

This 56-page booklet-FREE

It includes specimen pages, maps, color plates from the new Britannica. We will gladly send you your copy without the slightest obligation on your part. It gives full details of bindings, present low prices and easy payment offer.

Now—while you have this page at hand—tear out the coupon and send it in!



READ THESE NOTABLE OPINIONS

WILLIAM BEEBE, Author and Explorer—"I heartily congratulate you on the production of a work of reference which is beyond comparison because there is no competitor."

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, Editor, "Saturday Review of Literature"—"No book published this year is likely to be more exciting and certainly none more various."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Professor of English, Yale University—"Every household containing these volumes is in contact with the life of today more intimately than by the radio. To those who own it, it will not be a luxury; it will be a necessity."

THE NEW YORK TIMES—"Whoever makes the new Britannica a part of his possessions, can rest assured that its equal does not exist."

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me by return mail, without any obligation on my part, your 56-page illustrated booklet describing the new Fourteenth Edition of the Britannica together with low price offer and easy terms of payment.

LI 9-D2

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY



—the PIONEER of two-way Hydraulics

Two-way spring control—down and up—is the principle pioneered, developed and perfected by Houdaille.

For 27 years Houdaille Hydraulic Double-acting Shock Absorbers have been demonstrating to the motoring public the measure of true riding comfort.

During these years of Houdaille Supremacy these exclusive essentials have been perfected.

1. The double or balanced piston.
2. The reservoir which automatically replenishes the fluid.
3. The air vents which permit the escape of air and make the instrument truly hydraulic.
4. The easy single dial external adjustment.

Houdailles are standard equipment on Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Ford, Stearns-Knight, Nash Advanced Six, Chrysler Imperial, Studebaker President, Graham-Paige, Cord front drive and many European cars.

Houde Engineering Corporation, Buffalo, N. Y.

DIVISION OF HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION

HOUDAILLE

hydraulic
double acting
Shock Absorber

New low prices—\$40, \$50, \$75 and \$100 plus installation. Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Graham Crackers

We might as well start this off with a chuckle at the expense of the Graham (e—routed out by the printer) Clan. A story about the Scotch gentleman who took his small son's baseball away from him and tried to get into the Polo Grounds with it.

All of which only serves to remind you that all of this fuss about one's being 'Air-Minded is most likely to suggest that you need a haircut.

Just Another Two Line Joke

IRATE HUSBAND: One of these days I'm going to put my foot down!

TYPICALLY UNPLEASANT WIFE: Yes, and if you do you'll sober up!

And now we return to the good old fashioned hack writing (and who knows, this stuff might just as well have been written in a hack!).

"This is going to be a singe?" said the barber confident like as he applied the taper to his patron's shrubbery.

And of course no column is ever complete without a Question Box sort of a catch all for jokes which wouldn't do otherwise.

OLD SUBSCRIBER: Do YOU know the Sieve Song?

DISINTERESTED EDITORIAL PERSON: No, Howzat?

LATE SUBSCRIBER: Don't Hold Everything.

A pause is interpolated at this juncture while seven Swedish boys who are selling subscriptions to pay their way to the night clubs, go out after a new customer.

Short Cuts To Suicide No. 3456827

Try asking any book reviewer if he has "read any good books lately."

And for our closing hymn we will sing that old favorite, Number 63, "She Was Only A Furrier's Daughter But How That Baby Could Play the Traps."

No Refunds Given on Annie Oakleys.

And then there are the not to be forgotten class reunions! Class reunions are pretty drunken and disappointing affairs of which dreary functions there is none sadder than that of the grads of the School of Experience.

We simply have to make the Scotch ancestry pay every week and we ought to be kilt (unforgivable pun, that) for this one which concerns a Scotch pole vaulter who picked up side money by demonstrating toy airplanes for a department store. It seems that he launched them at the peak of his jump.

—ed graham.

COLLEGE INN TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Here's a drink that's the essence of sunshine ... it contains those precious vitamins so essential to health ... it is squeezed from luscious red-ripe tomatoes and seasoned with spice and a dash of lemon.

Good to drink and good for your well-being, College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail is food of the healthiest kind. Served in the morning, noontime and evening ... it is a body-conditioner for grownups ... it safeguards the health of children as well.

Nor is this all. College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail is nutritious but non-fat-tening. Smart women find it an invaluable aid for keeping figures slim.

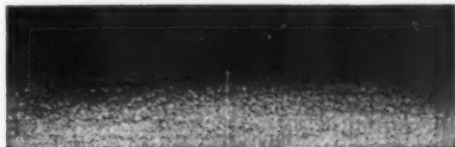
All good food shops sell College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail ... fountains serve it. It's an excellent health-plan to keep a chilled shaker-full always handy. Made only by The College Inn Food Products Company, Chicago, Ill.

You will enjoy any of these delicious College Inn Foods:

Chicken a la King—Lobster a la Newburg—Cream of Tomato Soup—Welsh Rarebit—Chop Suey—Boned Chicken—Chicken Broth with Rice—Chili Con Carne—Clam Chowder



A HEALTH DRINK MILLIONS ENJOY





FATHER KNICKERBOCKER

never gave a newcomer heartier welcome than he gave Raleigh. Raleigh's first American appearance in some 400 years was made only a few months ago in New York. *Every* city in the nation now concedes that no fine cigarette ever went so far so fast, or proved itself so agreeably a permanent factor in the lives of people who can pay twenty cents for an uncommonly good thing—which of course means everybody.

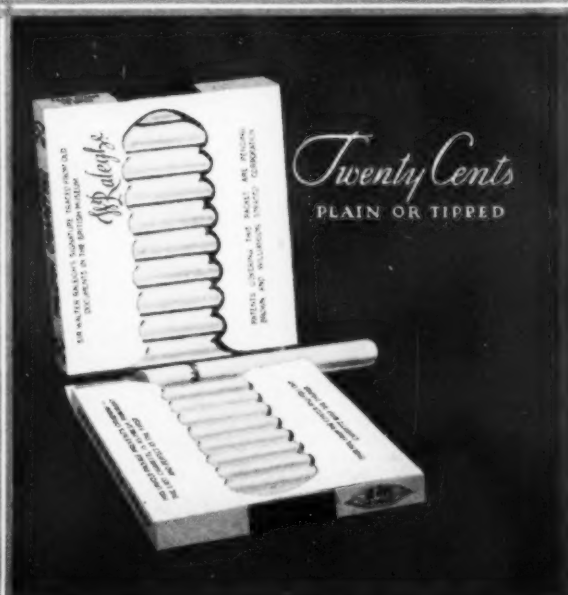
BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, Louisville, Kentucky

Raleigh

Cigarettes

Blended puff-by-puff

31 RARE, *fine grades of rich tobacco are blended in every single puff of every single Raleigh so subtly that the flavor (not startling at first to many) becomes a bland, delicious craving, utterly unlike another, and quite impossible to imitate.*



Uninteresting People

William G. Balsam.

If you were to go into any delicatessen store in Albuquerque, New Mexico, or Broadhead, Wisconsin, and ask, "Who is William G. Balsam?" they'd likely tell you to ask 'em another.

They never heard of William G. Balsam.

Neither did you.

And yet he is one of the outstanding men of this, our native land.

Whenever there is a rainstorm of any sort you'll be sure to find William G. Balsam outstanding in it.

Ask the same question in any tin-dipper factory, or at any ironmongers, and you will get an answer. They will doubtless tell you to go some place.

Of course you won't go.

Not right away. But they'll tell you to go anyway. They always do.

Go to Bobtown, Illinois; or Kokomo, Indiana; and put your query, "Do you know William G. Balsam, have you ever heard of him?" and they'll just look at you as if you were cuckoo. Which you probably are. Or maybe I am. It might be both of us.

Anyway, William G. Balsam is a man of remarkable achievements.

In 1894, at the tender age of seventeen, he built the first non-talking, noiseless radio. At twenty-four he perfected the first fire-proof celluloid collar. But at twenty-nine he achieved one of his greatest successes, when, after four solid years of arduous toil, he brought into being the first non-skid noodle.

He is now working on the greatest boon of all—a synthetic motion picture that you can neither see nor hear.

Thank God for William G. Balsam!

—Nate Collier.

Yes

THE MODERN GIRL'S VERSION: I'm going home to my lawyer in the morning.



"A white collar worker."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



HERE'S HOW!
*a single pressure
.... and that's all!*

Aha!

That's why they sell, sir!

No wheels to spin!

No tricks to learn!

No smudges to clean!

Just press,

And it's lit!

You can't ask more than that!

THE One-finger Ronson Automatic Movement is the secret. Mechanically perfect and perfectly mechanical—its action is always the same, always produces the same result. A flip and it's lit—Release and it's out. *Just as sure as shooting!*

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64 Princess Street, Toronto, Ont.

NEW 1930 MODELS
RONSON
TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING
De-light



Made in seven sizes for pocket, desk and table, and an endless variety of styles and finishes for every price and occasion. \$5 and up at smart dealers all over the world.

THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE

Daily, 16 MILLION PEOPLE see movies made by BELL & HOWELL CAMERAS

*What stronger endorsement
could you ask in selecting your
personal movie camera . . .*

Professional camera perfection in your personal movie camera. A majority of the cameras used in professional motion picture studios are made by Bell & Howell. The same mechanical perfection, the same skill and ingenuity in their design and manufacture, are present in Filmo—the Bell & Howell personal movie camera.

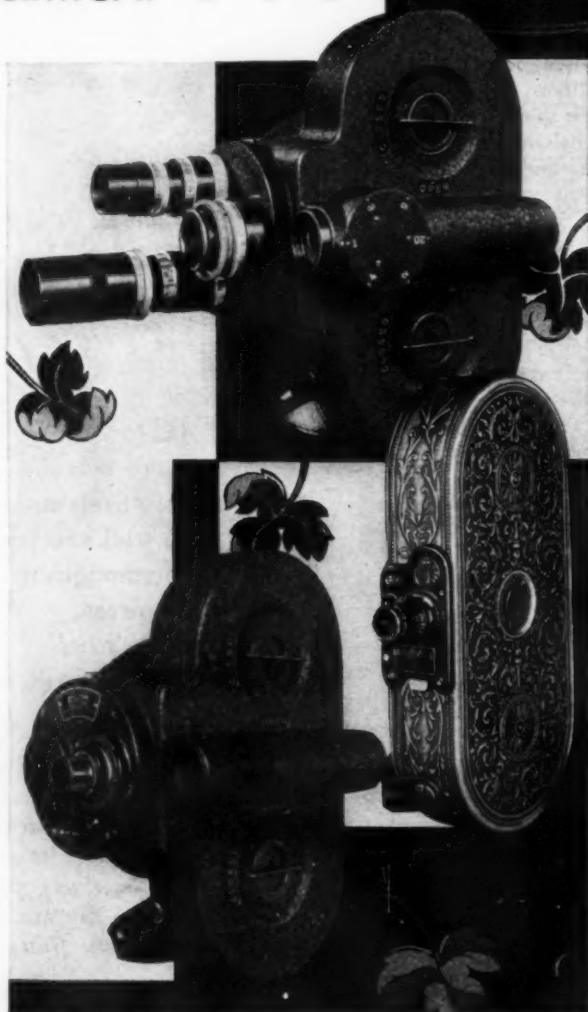
A child can take good movies with Filmo. Filmo cameras are not toys. They are amateur cameras only in their utter simplicity of operation. They are really small professional cameras, yet you need only to sight through the viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get". Without any experience, anyone can take theater-clear home movies of football, of hunting, of the family . . . anything!

A price and a camera for every preference. It's just a question of which model of Filmo you want. The new Filmo 70-D, "master of all personal movie cameras," takes s-l-o-w movies and fast "close-ups" 1,000 feet away, has seven speeds and a three-lens turret. Filmo 70-A is the original personal movie camera. Light, handsome, fitting into your pocket, and nearly as flexible, Filmo 75 has a smart embossed metal case in a choice of three colors.

Filmos use either 50 or 100 foot films

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo projector.

Ask the Filmo dealer to show you these remarkable cameras. And write for the booklet "What You See, You Get."



Filmo 57 Projector
(above). Powerful illumination, silent movement, absolutely no flicker. Models at \$190 up with carrying case.

Filmo 70-D
Master of all personal movie cameras. Seven speeds, three-lens turret, variable viewfinder. Indistinctive Mayfair case with Sesamee lock, \$245 and up, depending upon lens equipment.

Filmo 75
Light, compact, fits the coat pocket. The aristocrat of personal moviedom. Choice of three colors. \$120 and up with carrying case.

Filmo 70-A
The original personal movie camera. Two speeds, interchangeable lenses, spyglass viewfinder. \$180 and up with carrying case.

A Note to Early Christmas Shoppers

Filmo cameras for the man who wants one, and Filmo accessories for the man who owns one—these make an ideal Christmas list.

BELL & HOWELL

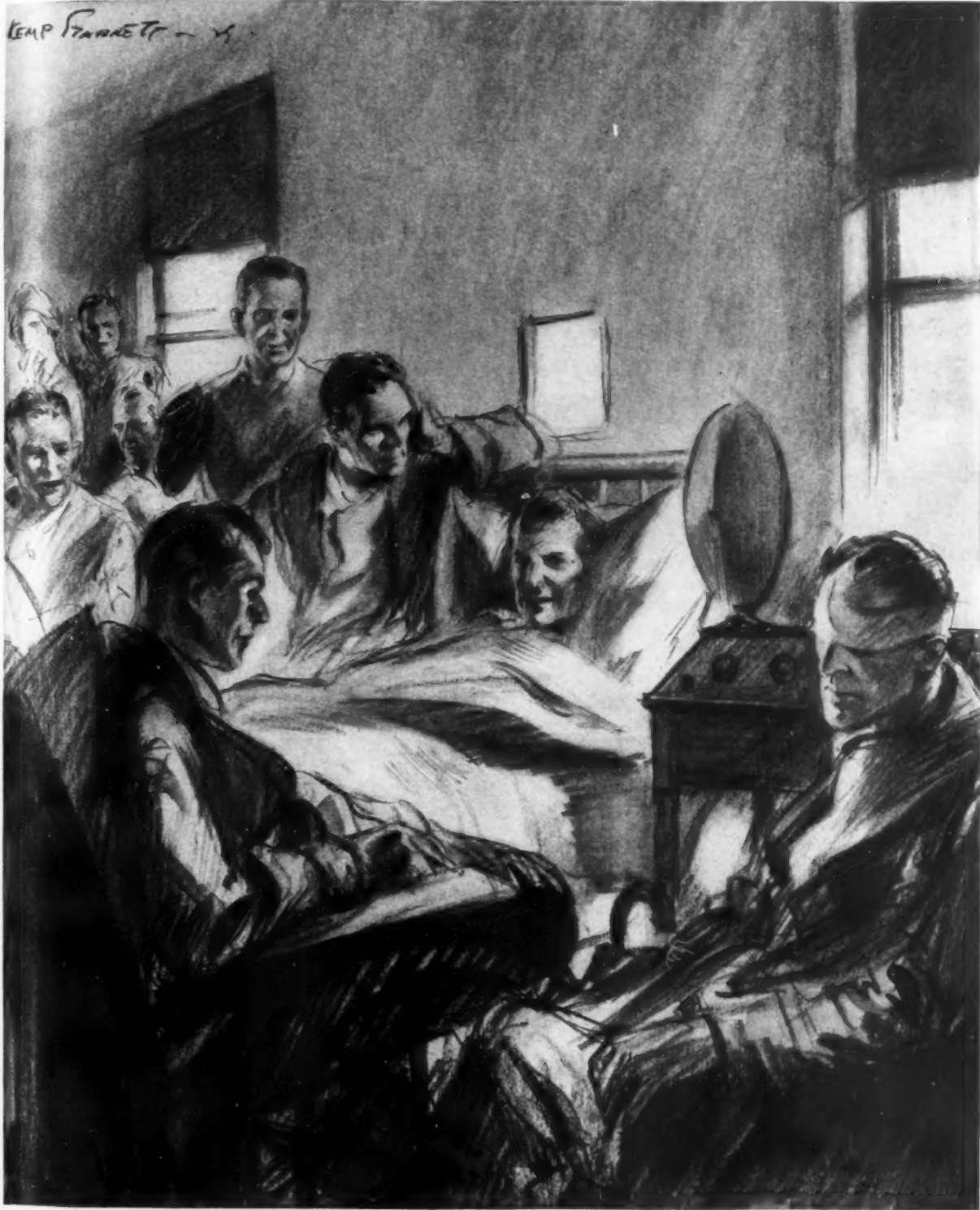
Filmo

WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

BELL & HOWELL CO., DEPT. K, 1825 LARCHMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
NEW YORK • HOLLYWOOD • LONDON (B. & H. CO., LTD.) ESTABLISHED 1907

Life

Armistice Day Anniversary



"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile—smile—smile."



"But how do you suppose she got the body into the furnace?"

Feminine Psychology

He who never tells his love
Combines the serpent with the dove;
A wily, cautious lover he,
But not the Romeo for me.

And he whose glances give full well
The story that his lips won't tell
Wakens response a bit more fired,
But still leaves much to be desired,

While he who bares his aching heart
With words that wrench his soul
apart—

For him I'll save my fervent sighs,
Even though I know he lies.

—Myra M. Waterman.

We would hate to be a detective.
Imagine coming home from work
every night, baffled.

The Letters Of A Modern Father

My Dear Son:

I understand what you write about keeping your first play out of the hands of unsympathetic commercial producers who might tamper with it and ruin it. However, you must not be too severe with them. Remember that their intentions may be good but they may lack the intelligence to comprehend what your aim is. Not every person gets to specialize in English in High School as you did.

You ask my advice, still clinging to that habit of flattery that I was hoping you had broken. As a brick maker, I'd advise you not to offer your play at all till you have written it; and then not as long as it was half-baked. Then you've got to be sure that the public is brave enough to bear the message that your artistic conscience will compel you to give.

That was always the trouble with your poetry. People weren't able to bear it.

If you decide that the world is strong enough to endure your play, you can test the sincerity of any manager you offer it to. Ask him to give you a check for five thousand dollars for the privilege of reading it. If he gives it to you, you may be almost certain he is sincere.

I note that you feel completely hemmed in by the immensity of New York. That's good. I was beginning to fear you might be coming home.

Your Affectionate Father,

—McCready Huston.



Color in the home.

Scott Shots

At some colleges the winning football players take home the goal posts, and at others they just take a good share of the gate.

Climate is just weather with a press agent.

Many a two car family started with a two carat ring.

In a business man's household they probably speak of hash as a merger of several food products.

Another ancient prejudice that has been removed is the one against gin.

Give some motorists an inch and they'll take a fender.

In the rotogravure section crossed legs mark the spot where an actress is found.
—W. W. Scott.



"By jove, Mabel, it's bully to catch you alone like this!"

A boy can study and learn quite a bit at Princeton, Harvard, Yale or California, but without half trying he could learn much more at Smith, Vassar or Wellsley.

Short Short Short Story

One very dark night when the moon wasn't out even a teeny-weeny little bit at all a Chicago cop was walking along in Chicago when he heard a noise—"Bang! Bang! Bang!"—just around the corner, so he lit a cigarette and stopped to listen and again came the noise—"Bang! Bang! Bang!"—so the cop, who was very brave, extinguished or put out his cigarette and dashed around the corner at full speed ahead, and there he saw a man shooting at people with a big pistol, so he said to the man, "You scared me; I thought it was an auto backfiring and waking up everybody," and forthwith the two burst into hearty laughter.

—Ben Benson.

Famous American Greetings

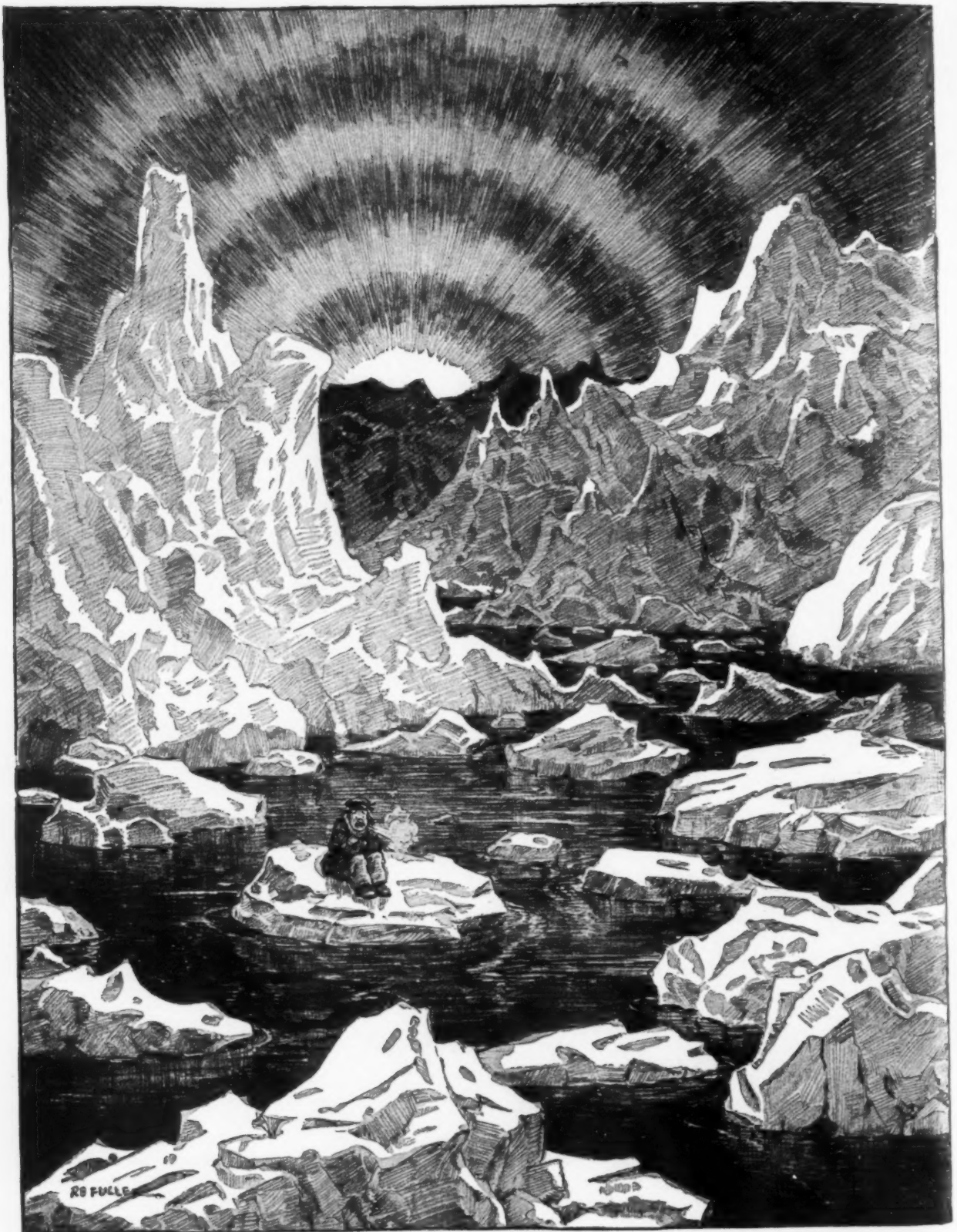
Hawaii
Plezameetcha
Gladanoya

We always light our cigarette with one of the new bills, preferably the one for the radio.

It's funny what complicated pieces of mechanisms equipped with gadgets and dojiggers are being sold simply to keep the housewife from putting coffee in a pot and boiling it a couple of minutes.



"Mummy—if I'm a good girl can't I go to hell?"



SHIPWRECKED MARINER: *I wonder if Minnie got that electric refrigerator she wuz yellin' about?*



Short Stories of Life



A Rooster Named Emma

by Bennie Benson

THEY crouched, Corporal Jerry and his squad, in a muddy shell hole on a ridge overlooking a far-from-peaceful valley in which high explosives were leaving no stone of the little village of St. Georges unturned. On another ridge at the far side of the valley, less than a mile distant as the bullets flew, were seen the bobbing helmets of the Germans.

Back home it was said of Corporal Jerry that he could shoot out a squirrel's eye at a hundred yards, either eye.

Now he cautiously pointed his sharpshooter's rifle and squinted through the telescope sights. The bobbing helmets on the opposite ridge did not interest him. He was hungry, and his squad was hungry, and the enemy was not edible.

The powerful lens of his telescope rifle sights brought the ruins of the village so close that he believed he could reach out and touch the tumbled walls and roofs. He might as well have been in what was once the public square. Slowly, through the telescope, he picked his way from smoking stone heap to smoking stone heap.

Suddenly the week's growth of mud-clotted whiskers on his face cracked into a smile. "Shoo!" he said. The smile changed to a puzzled frown. "Shoo there, I say! Shoo!"

"What," asked a private at his side, "do you see?"

Corporal Jerry, overcoming the surprise at finding himself back on the

ridge with his squad, said, "There's the fattest old rooster you ever saw standing by the wall of a burning house."

"We can't eat a raw rooster that we can't get," said the private.

"Won't be long before dark," replied Corporal Jerry. "We'll get that old rooster tonight and cook him over the embers from a house until he's so tender you'll think his name is Emma."

He squinted through his telescope sights and fired. When the smoke had cleared away he squinted again. His

The night, except for smouldering fires in the village, the smoky-red lightning of bursting shells and an occasional signal flare, was dark.

Corporal Jerry and his squad had stumbled down to the level ground of the valley when they heard noises directly ahead. The men dropped, quickly. Figures emerged from the darkness. With fixed bayonets Corporal Jerry and his squad sprang at the figures. Twelve Germans, taken by surprise, surrendered without a shot.

Four of the squad were detailed to take back the prisoners. Corporal Jerry and the remaining three continued toward the village to get Emma.

Reaching the outskirts, they advanced slowly among the charred and twisted debris. A tiny thread of steady light appeared ahead. It was white and did not flicker, so it could not come from embers. The four men, scarcely daring to breathe, advanced and found it came from an intact cellar door.

Even as they looked, the light vanished. They waited. The cellar door opened. Dark

figures emerged. Again Corporal Jerry's surprise tactics completely confounded the enemy. An officer and four privates were captured.

The cellar, Jerry learned, was a forward telephone station. It could mean but one thing: The Germans were advancing; the valley was filling with wave after wave of the enemy.

"Take the prisoners back," said the corporal to his three men, "and report to the lieutenant that the enemy is going to attack. I'll go ahead alone and get Emma."

He reached the dark public square

(Continued on Page 38)



Corporal Jerry's surprise tactics completely confounded the enemy. An officer and four privates were captured.

cracked-mud smile returned. "I shot Emma through the back," he said.

Then and there the distant rooster's name became Emma. The members of the squad took a turn at keeping an eye on Emma. They admired Emma's rigid drumsticks, estimated Emma's weight and, with hunger stimulating their imaginations, visualized Emma's form toasting over embers.

When exploding shells threatened to mangle Emma the squad swore, but when the line of fire advanced they were happy, and, as dusk descended, they marked clearly in their minds Emma's resting place.



"Hold that light closer, will you! I can't see to get Police Headquarters on this damn thing!"

The Shirley Arms Symphony

We're having some delightful musical evenings over at our apartment house, The Shirley Arms, these crisp nights of early autumn. If you're any kind of a music lover at all, you'll enjoy dropping over some evening.

Last evening you should have heard Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" as played by the Shirley Arms symphonic orchestra of twenty-eight radio receivers. Promptly at seven when the program started from WJZ, our complete orchestra swung into the strains of Elgar's magnificent work. Four floors of flats, seven radios to the floor! They were magnificent in the crescendo passages with Mr. Honigsbaum's new screen grid instrument performing beautifully and

Mrs. Murphy's dulcet four-tuber giving a good account of itself too.

Janitor Ginsberg has been conducting the autumn programs with a vitality that leaves nothing to be desired. Even the fifty-four piece radio receiver orchestra in the huge Tudor

Court Apartments and the sixty-six set aggregation in the mammoth Gregorian Apartment Hotel cannot approach our own little Shirley Arms symphony.

Recently a tiny cloud appeared on our musical horizon when the landlord threatened to have the walls sound-proofed. It would have been the death knell of our orchestra, so loyally we banded together and sent the owner a fervent plea to leave the old fragile walls unmolested. In the interest of our art, and no doubt because of interest on his investment, he consented.

Come after the supper dishes tonight. Ginsberg says WEAF is broadcasting The Mikado. Apartment 4D is tuning up a swell new superheterodyne and Mr. Goulding put three new tubes in his neuterodyne. The Shirley Arms Symphony should be at its best tonight! —Arthur L. Lippmann.



"S. S. VanDyne leaves a manuscript."

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Before we can accomplish anything we must begin. If we never begin any task we surely can never complete it.
—Bernarr Macfadden.

I have never seen anything too good to appear in a newspaper.
—Franklin P. Adams.

We are all sellers of something.
—George Mathew Adams.

I have always been an idealist, an imaginative dreamer.
—Rudy Vallée.

No American over fifty is ever comfortable anywhere in Europe except in normal summer weather.
—William Lyon Phelps.

It is a fact that not once in all my life have I gone out for a walk.
—Max Beerbohm.

The ideal life is to do everything a little and one thing a lot.
—Helen Wills.

Ladies at eighteen or 100 are much the same.
—Arthur Brisbane.

At seventy-two life has the same essential qualities as it had at seventeen.
—Clarence Darrow.

I have always been very impressionable in the direction of sex.
—George Bernard Shaw.



"Ahh—and what's this!"

"Er—I'm just practising to be a stowaway, sir."

One Thing

The trouble with playing better golf is the better you get the less sales resistance you have.

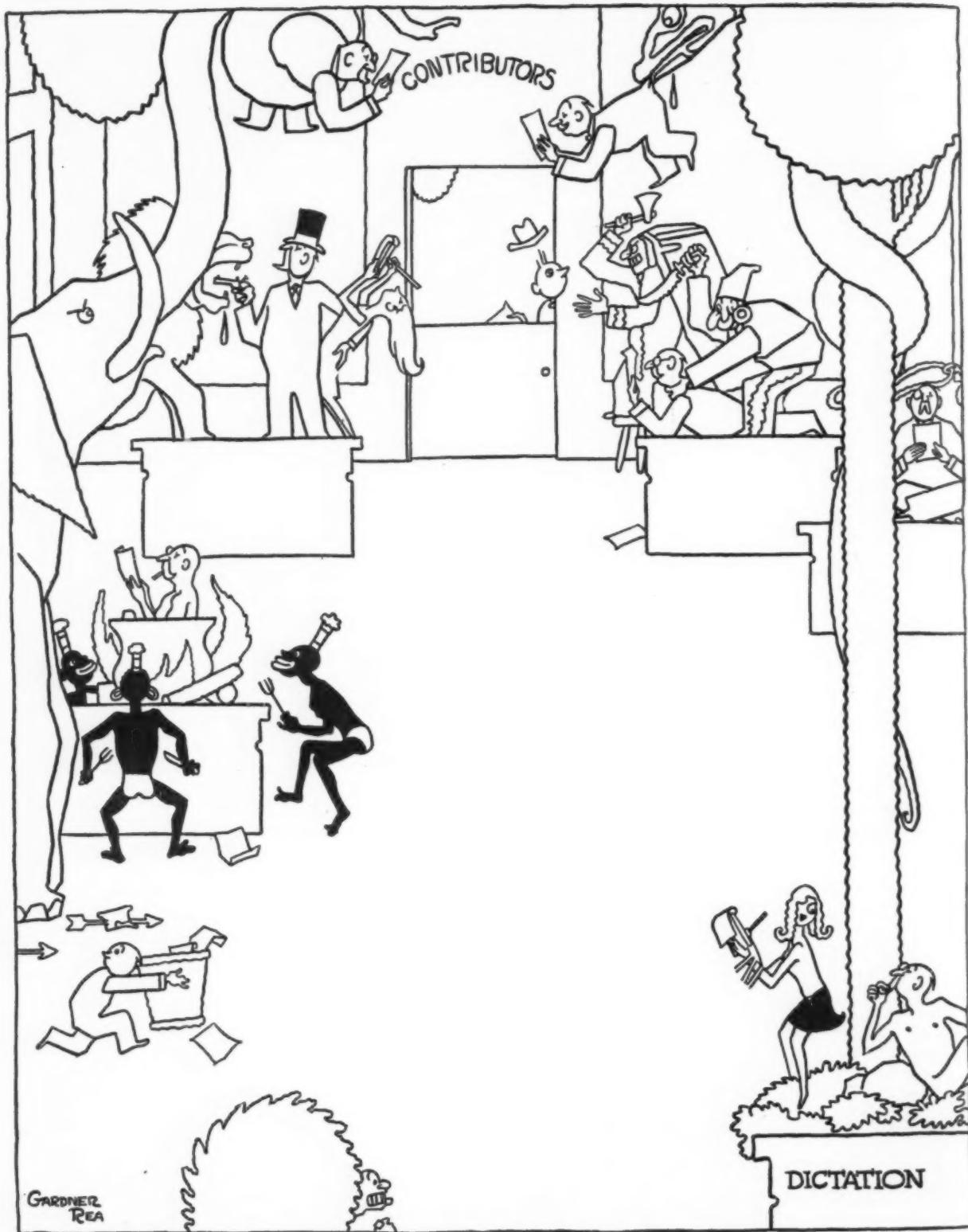
Anagrins

- > (1.) Scramble *stopper* with a *c* and get a salesman's friend.
- > (2.) Scramble *studio* with an *e* and get some fresh air.
- > (3.) Scramble *cores* with an *n* and get a prominent Bostonian.
- > (4.) Scramble *spoofers* with an *r* and get an easy guy to spoof.
- > (5.) Scramble *shires* with an *e* and get a good woman to marry.
- > (6.) Scramble *teaming* with a *c* and get attractive.

Answers on page 34



"He's had his latest novel banned by Boston—hope it won't turn his head!"



Impressions of Magazine Offices.
Adventure.

Life at Home



OMAHA, Neb.—Two women and a man have been charged with "operating" a horse and buggy while under the influence of liquor. They are Mrs. Ella Greener, Mrs. George Clastic and Ed Valien. Their "rig" ran into and damaged an automobile.



INDIANAPOLIS—If you can get into your bathroom and indulge in a light "shimmy" it'll be the best thing in the world for your system, according to Dr. J. W. Torbett at a joint session of the American Electrotherapeutic Association-Western Association of Physical Therapy.

"If done in your own room—and in your shimmy—where no one but God and the devil can see you and to marching music, it is a beneficial exercise," he says.

CHICAGO—"It's golf, not work, that gives the tired business man weak eyes and a headache," says Dr. D. T. Hoffman, eye specialist. "The average man works all week under poor or artificial light; then rushes to the links, often without a hat or sun glasses. His eyes can't stand the strain. It's the sun, not office work, that does the mischief." *Not to mention the "moon."*

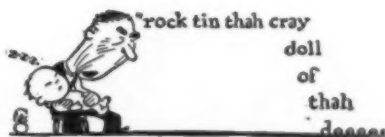
BANGOR, Me.—"Dry" Mayor John H. Wilson, speaking before the State convention of the W. C. T. U., startled his hearers by saying, "I would rather see an honest man in office who perhaps sometimes uses alcohol as a beverage than a dishonest one who does not. You people so strongly against liquor are not always consistent. I have heard women rave against liquor and the next minute boast at some breach of the traffic laws they have accomplished without detection."

BALTIMORE—Keeping a log of the duties and transactions that occupied his time as acting mayor in the absence of Mayor William F. Broening, James J. O'Meara, vice-president of the city council, made the following as the first entry:

"Swatted one fly with swatter sent by Dr. John J. McGinty, member of the board."

NEW YORK—A man is legally entitled to strike his wife at least once in three years, providing he hasn't treated her cruelly otherwise, it was decided by Supreme Court Justice Phoenix Ingraham after considering the highly tumultuous marital affairs of Morris Kaufman, fifty, the fish baron of Peck's Slip. He threw out the case.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—A fine of \$50 imposed on F. L. Kearns proved embarrassing both to Kearns and to Judge Sam G. Austin who imposed the fine at Rodondo Beach, Calif. Kearns laboriously searched the contents of a small coin purse and found that he was a few cents short of the required amount. Then he reached into an inside pocket of his coat and withdrew a roll of five \$1,000 bills with the query: "Will it be all right to ask you to change one of these, Your Honor?" "Fine reduced to \$49.50," ruled the court.



CHICAGO, Ill.—According to Dr. John J. B. Morgan of Northwestern University fathers who sing bass have a big edge when it comes to putting a fretful child to sleep. Dr. Morgan tried out his theories on twelve babies by means of a loud speaker and found that sounds of high frequency only make children cry louder than ever. A deep bass voice worked wonders.

TROY, N. Y.—Nathaniel H. Onion, forty-one years old, was given the right to change his name to Owen. His petition to the court stated that "the name Onion results in confusion and ridicule and discomfort in business matters generally."



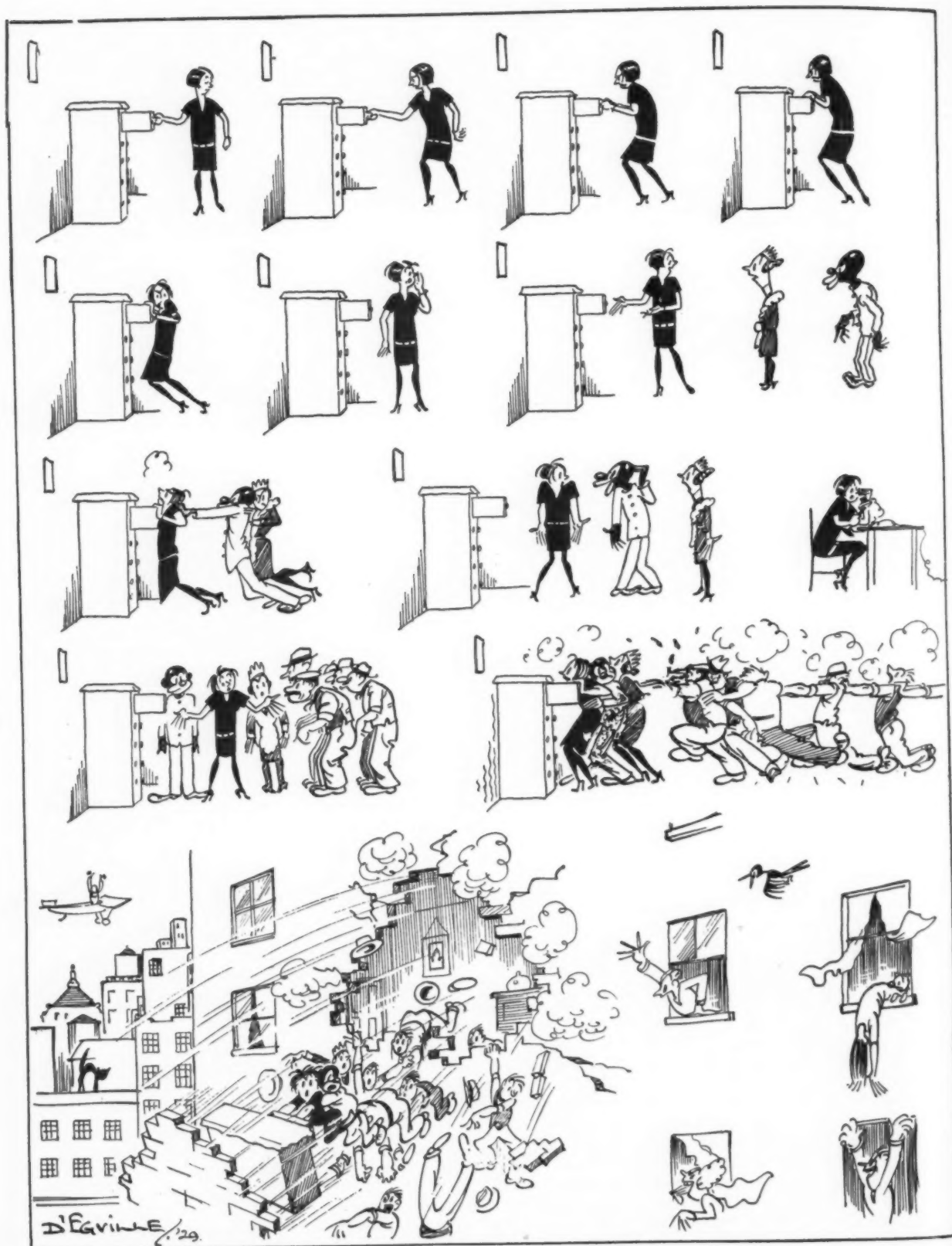
LOS ANGELES—Charles Amsden, museum curator, reports that cliff dwelling Indians now manufacture pottery only for sale to tourists. For their own domestic use they buy pots and pans at the store.

TRENTON, N. J.—Charles Malinski has retired from saloon-keeping and intends to live on a farm with his mother-in-law. He said so in court. "That," remarked U. S. Attorney Foreman, "would seem to be punishment enough." Judge Clark concurred.

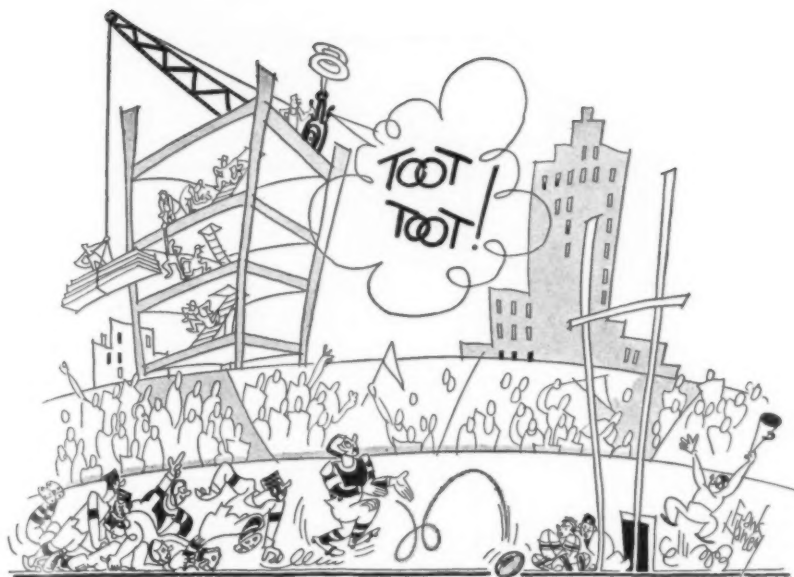
Life Abroad

MASEFIELD, Sask.—Archibald Chandler, his wife and brother Sidney are awaiting the coming of Christ and the end of the world which they predict will be signalized in November. In preparation they have sold their farm lands and all their stock, and are living in a tent.

MOSCOW—The Society of Militant Atheists has lowered the age for admission from sixteen to fourteen years. Youngsters between eight and fourteen will be enrolled as junior members. Emelian Yaroslavsky, Pres. of the Society, also Sec. of the Communist Party Control Commission, says "Our aim is to mobilize as many millions as possible against religion."



The drawer that wouldn't close.



The faux pas of the star who dropped the ball when the five o'clock whistle blew.

The Cogswell Murder

Jeff Warburg, night city editor of the *Scimitar* finished writing the scare head for the Cogswell murder story, and tipping back his chair slung his feet to the top of his desk.

"Funny about this Cogswell thing," he muttered to himself, "funny."

Warburg had covered police news for nearly every sheet of any importance in the country, had finally landed in New York and now for the past six months had held down the night desk on the *Scimitar*.

"Jerry!" he called to one of the lingering reporters, "Come here!"

Jerry, his mouth full, with a sandwich in one hand and a bottle of ginger ale in the other lumbered over to the chief's desk.

"Listen Jerry," said Warburg, "you covered this Cogswell story, tell me is there any inside stuff you ran across that you didn't include in your story?"

Jerry squinted over the top of the sandwich, and with a queer look in his eye said, "Well, yes, Jeff, there was."

"I thought so," mumbled Warburg. "Something about a woman wasn't it?"

"Well, yeah, in a way," said Jerry. "As you know, Cogswell was press agent for a half dozen of the lesser movie stars. He was found dead sitting in his office chair at his desk. His typewriter, now mute before him, contained one typewritten sheet—the

story of his own murder. I grabbed it. That's the story I turned in, but of course I failed to mention that he had written it himself."

"Just as I thought!" cried the night editor.

"Hey, Johnson!" he yelled to the copy desk. "Kill that Cogswell murder story, will you! It's just some more damn press agent stuff!"

—Nate Collier.



COOK: Send the police and a couple of ambulances—the family have been readin' one of these modern sophisticated novels!

Guide to New York

by a New Yorker

GRANT'S TOMB—A large dirty gray building on the left as you drive out to the country.

HALL OF FAME—A building somewhere up in the Bronx.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—A yellowish building on Fifth avenue somewhere in the Eighties.

STATUE OF LIBERTY—Statue of a lady with a lamp somewhere off the end of Manhattan Island.

ELLIS ISLAND—An island where they keep immigrants somewhere off the end of Manhattan Island.

THE AQUARIUM—A place where they keep fishes somewhere in lower New York.

POE'S COTTAGE—A cottage where Poe lived somewhere up in the Bronx.

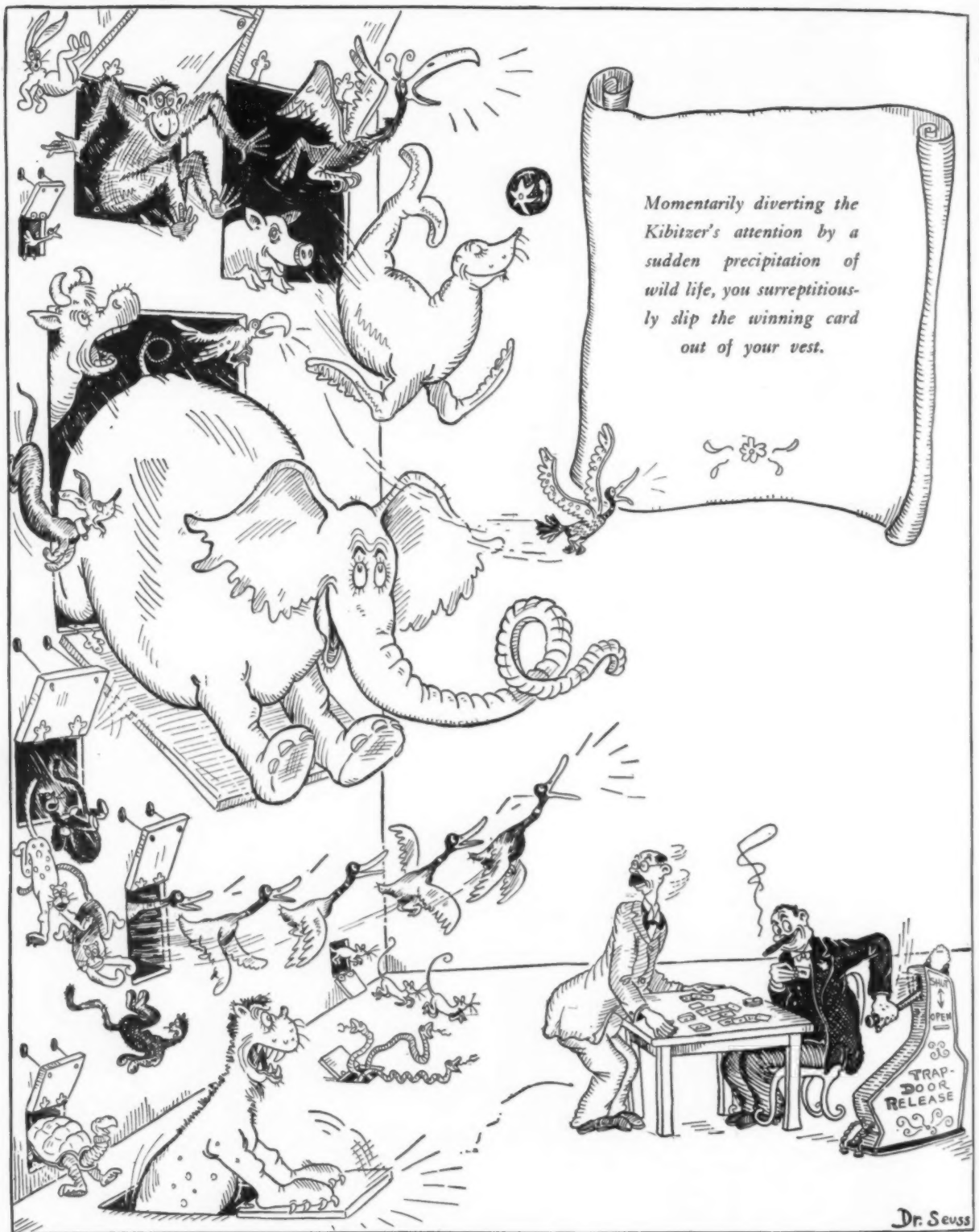
BROOKLYN BRIDGE—A bridge over which people go to Brooklyn.

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN—A building where you get off the subway to go to the Polo Grounds.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—A museum somewhere.

VANCORTLANDT MANSION—A house somewhere.

—Anne Thoney.



LIFE's Educational Charts.
A Foolproof System for Cheating at Solitaire.

The Early Settlers

The little ship of Columbus, battered by heavy seas, plowed on across the mountainous waves—its nose headed westward, ever westward. The crew, giddy from the long voyage, and doubtful of its outcome, were threatening mutiny. Columbus, however, succeeded in holding them off until, early one morning there arose a cry from the lookout:

"Whoopee, mates! Land!"

"Land ahoy!" echoed the crew as they feverishly watched the mainland of a new continent coming into view. Hardly had the little ship been anchored in a protected cove when Columbus leaped off and began running down the beach, eagerly surveying his new surroundings. He had negotiated about two hundred yards when, from the thicket, appeared an Indian, bearing a sack of grain on his back. Columbus smacked his lips, for he hadn't eaten since the crew had boiled some none too tasty rats the day before.

"What have you in the sack?" he inquired.

"Corn," grunted the redskin.

"How'll you sell it?"

"A third down and the balance in ten months," replied the Indian.

"Ah!" exclaimed Columbus joyously. "America at last!"

—W. T. Brannon.

A duck is just a chicken on snowshoes.

I got so mad the other night I went to a place and ate hot tamales.



FROSH: Could you tell me where Baker Hall is?

ATHLETE: Sorry, I'm a stranger here myself!



The hunting season opens.

It Sims To Me

Many a child is spoiled because you can't spank its two-grandmothers.

It hardly takes any time at all to get all of the bones out of a piece of baked fish except one or two.

The average tea room table will seat four without their galoshes.

Keep your floors waxed properly and sooner or later the neighborhood gossip will come rushing in and slip and bite her tongue.

There's very little you can do when a window shade loses its ambition.

Almost any young couple can persuade mother to come over and sit up with the baby while they go to a musical comedy and stay until eleven o'clock listening to songs about mother.

This isn't such a bad world after you once become fully accustomed to staying all upset about everything.

Milk is very nourishing, but the only conversation in a barrel of it is: "Ah, that's fine."
—Tom Sims.



Kenneth Cronin T. + NA

"Mine eyes have seen the g



ave seen the glory—"

"The Good Night's Rest"

The tired feeling. The determination to go to bed at nine o'clock and get a good night's rest. The hot bath. The dull book. The magnificent sensation of drowsiness. The sigh of utter content as you turn out the light. The radio in the apartment next door. The piano and trombone duet in the apartment below. The idiot outside who sits in his car and blows the horn at three-second intervals. The twisting, turning and writhing in your attempt to get into such a position that you'll sleep despite the roar of battle. The radio in the apartment upstairs. The banging of doors. The collision between two Fords outside. The fervent wish that the occupants of both cars are killed. The extra loud radio from across the street. The arrival of guests and beginning of a violent party upstairs. The giggling dame with the penetrating voice. The crying baby.



He: Darling! You are exotic!



"Is he alert?"

"Yes'm, he is! See, he's lerting now!"

The chorus of radios from somewhere down the block. The quivering nerves and astonishing flow of muttered profanity. The conversation between the horn-blowing gentleman sitting in his car and his lady friend in the fourth story window of the apartment house next door. His yelling to her that he still loves her. Her yelling to him that she's off him for life. The thumping, pounding and screaming of the party upstairs. The grand crescendo of radio entertainment. The ringing telephone. The foreign gentleman who wants to know if Gus is there. The big argument during which you convince him that nobody by the name of Gus lives here and that he has the wrong number . . . The decision to get dressed, step out, take on a cargo and not go to bed for a week.

—Robert Lord.

Cream rises to the top of milk, but a bottle of Scotch seems to improve after you have taken a few drinks out of it.

A high school graduate tells us he passed all the college entrance examinations except the broad jump and kicking goal.

A debutante tells us she can't decide whether to take a Mediterranean cruise this winter or to go to Java or to the West Indies or to get married for a while.



Life in Washington

THERE ain't going to be no Tariff. You can put in the necessary "ifs" and "whereases" yourself, but our best-dressed politicians have come to the conclusion that both the Democrats and the Republicans have been playing too much *ex parte* politics in the matter of protection. Now that the Senate has voted "debenture" back in the Bill, we'll have to see if we can't discover what it means before the House votes it out again. Senator Smoot's starving Mormon constituents have had such a hard time making both ends of the beet-sugar industry meet, that they've been able to spare only \$500,000 for lobbying in the last few years. The Republican Senate leader, Watson, has accused the Big Noise from Boise of wrecking the tariff for the sake of the farmer—of being a sort of Corn-Borah, in fact. The latter has retorted that the Bill will pass and be signed by the President. Even Joe Grundy is reported to have concluded that all was lost, when that prophecy was tossed out without an effort. The Senate's lobby inquiry is turning over a few carefully selected stones and is discovering a few tariff "bugs" underneath—such as Mr. Eyanson of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, whom Senator Bingham employed, at Government expense, in his sub-committee work. But as Eyanson wrote his chief, "You get what you pay for"—this time in the neck. A few more maggots like this and the Tariff, already a little gamey, will begin to entrance the nostrils of our cornfed politicians with the luscious odor of corruption. But perhaps there will be a Tariff, after all, in which case the price of political chloride of lime will be higher than the Tariff.

Naval disarmament has progressed so favorably that Ambassador Dawes' well-known Melody was played on the 'cello at a London concert. Philip Snowden is reported anxiously awaiting a chance for the rendition of his popular March (month of high winds and income-taxes) entitled "Cancellat-

tion," composed for the piccolo and Wall Street. All that remains is to induce the French, Italian and Japanese to gather at the River—the Thames—next January and to see whether the Chinese-Russian war can be cured by absent treatment. In the meantime, American diplomacy is preparing for the fray by the wholesale resignation of its more experienced men. One out of ten in the Foreign Service has resigned in the last year and the State Department, as usual, is undermanned, underpaid and over-excited. If Hoover and Stimson can pull off this naval stunt, it will be good work.

The dry forces staged a big show on the Hoboken front the other day. David Belasco and E. Philips Oppenheim are understood to have written the script for Mr. Mellon's latest production. Stripped of its merely sensational details, the plot is based on the old triangle motive. The husband—Industrial Alcohol—suspects that his wife—Unregenerate Thirst—is paying

too much attention to the insidious advances of the philandering villain—Scotch Whisky. This theme, they say, is still popular in the Middle West; we should prefer something on the order of an alcoholic "Strange Interlude." By the way, it is also stated that last year the Government started 56,786 dry law prosecutions; these were half of all government cases, civil and criminal. The Methodist Amendment, it appears, has not yet "gone dry with Hoover."

The Federal Reserve Board's announcement that all was well with American business was followed by the year's worst break in stocks. Some of us are praying that the Board will not forecast even greater prosperity before we can send our broker more margin. . . . Dr. Ales Hrdlicka has returned to the National Museum from Alaska, where he found traces of an age of ivory. If that is what he was looking for he need never have left the seat of the National Government. —J. F.



"Have returned from their country home, where they spent the summer."

New York Life



With Stanley Through Manhattan's Traffic

or

Around New York in Eighty Days

OCTOBER 1st. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. Well, how are all the folks 'way back home? Here we are, Folks, on our ninth day out and right plum in the middle of the densest traffic . . . we are encamped on *Fifth Avenue* between *Fifty-sixth* and *Fifty-seventh* street and there are nothing but cars as far as the human eye can see. *Commander Stanley* has just sent out a detachment of scouts but they have seen nothing moving. Our provisions are holding out all right but it is a mighty good thing we brought along a plentiful supply, as often we are held up for hours at a time without a restaurant in sight . . . However, many Hot Dog and light lunch vendors work their way to us through the dense traffic, so that we do not have to depend entirely on our own food supply which is a mighty lucky thing . . . the weather is not bad but we are mighty glad to have our sleeping bags, as the nights are mighty cold and when the traffic does move there is quite a breeze . . . sighted a huge green bus right near us this morning . . . if all goes well we hope to reach *Fifty-third* street by tomorrow noon.

October 5th. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. Hello Folks back home! Well, here we are at *Fifty-third* street and *Fifth Avenue* . . . the last four days have been mighty trying but we are keeping up our good spirits by singing old songs . . . the boys have discovered a nice speakeasy right near where we are encamped, which has helped to shorten the long days . . .

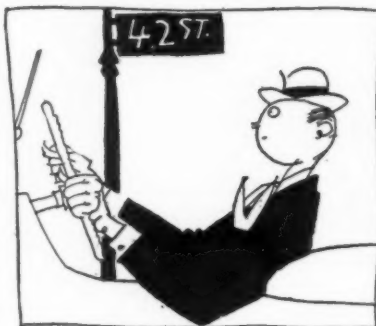
we see many amusing sights and also some very pathetic ones . . . a man just ahead of us left the corner of *Forty-second* street and *Broadway* in a taxi six months ago and hasn't been able to get word to his family since . . . to make it worse, he saw in tonight's paper that his wife was suing him for desertion . . . we have tried to cheer him up by singing songs . . . another man and his wife in the line next to us started out

with two babies and now they are full grown children . . . just think of it, the poor little things have never seen the inside of a

house, trees, grass or anything . . . yesterday a horse-drawn cab came up alongside them in traffic and they ran screaming to their mother . . . many of the travellers we meet have trailers attached to their cars in which they live, which is a mighty good idea.

October 10th. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. Halloo Folks! We are pressing rapidly into the

interior and reached *Forty-fifth* street and *Fifth Avenue* this noon . . . if all goes well we hope to make a right turn into *Forty-fifth* street by nightfall . . . who do you think we came across today? . . . *Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson!* . . . Yes, Sir! . . . They gave up their *African* trip this year and are exploring the dense traffic looking for wild species of motorists . . . we came upon *Mrs. Johnson* posing with one foot on a dead *Ford* coupe . . . *Mr. Johnson* yelled over to us, "Well it's a small world, isn't it?" and we yelled right back at him, "Yeah, it sure is!" . . . that spirit of comradeship and cheerfulness seems to extend all through this wild region . . . but then, after all, explorers must be cheery or where would they be, say I . . . Triplets were born in the car right next to us today and we had quite a celebration



...it will be mighty interesting to watch those children grow up in this environment ... five of our party who discovered a speakeasy nearby



haven't been heard from in two days ... a relief expedition has been sent out.



October 11th. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. The relief expedition sent out yesterday hasn't been heard from.

October 15th. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. Keeping on a straight line along Forty-fifth street we are pressing rapidly towards Broadway, but owing to the prevalence of speakeasies on all sides of us we are losing many men ... Commander Stanley himself disappeared yesterday and a searching party had to go out and bring him back ... the climate is enough to get anyone around here.

October 20th. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. Well, here we are, Folks, right in the midst of it at Forty-fifth street and Broadway! ... it isn't a fit night for man or beast and the cars are so thick it is necessary to chop our way through them ... the rain is coming down in torrents ... the lights from the electric signs are flashing and light up the grim countenance of our Commander ... he is determined to push through if it takes all winter ... we sit around thinking of warm cheery hearthsides but with such a leader none of us can remain downcast long and we wipe away our tears (or is it rain?) and stare hopefully into the night!

October 25th. WITH STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. Eureka! We have crossed Broadway! ... had a fight with native cops but suffered no casualties ... Hurrah! the Commander has decided to dig in for the winter ... tonight we sleep at the Astor!

New York Notes

There are 32,000 speakeasies in New York. This is much better than 32,000 open saloons. Imagine how tired a little girl would be after peeping under 32,000 swinging doors looking for her old man ... You don't hear much of Fanny Ward this season—maybe she's away at boarding school ... They

haven't caught the man who shot Rothstein yet because just as soon as a detective finds a new clue he quits work and starts in writing detective

stories ... The largest electric sign in the world is at the corner of Fifty-first street and Broadway—it is so large that, just to watch the electricians put in the bulbs, 20,000 spectators were needed ... Burglars in this town now have a new alibi—when the cops



catch one loitering outside an apartment door, the burglar says, "I just delivered a case of gin and I'm waiting for the bottles." ... There's one nice thing about being Jesse Crawford, the organist—when he is invited to a party no one ever says to him "And bring your instrument."

Knickerbocker Jr.



Theatre · by Ralph Barton



GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S "Boule de Suif" gets itself done into a play every time there is an empty theatre on some manager's hands and into a movie at least once in every five miles of film. Since it is one of the best short stories ever written, each reappearance of it ought to be like Christmas morning to theatre-goers and movie-fans; but, alas, the variations on the theme, like Mr. Jones' and Miss Smith's variations on the Adam and Eve theme, or the pastor's weekly variations on other themes from a good book, are never as interesting as the original.

In "The Channel Road," Alexander Woollcott's and George S. Kaufman's version of the masterpiece, the whole point of the thing is thrown into the rubbish bin when the wicked, hypocritical Babbitts from Rouen come to a bad end and the daughter of joy walks off in triumph. In the story, of course, the Babbitts' triumph and the poor girl's humiliation are heartbreaking and a lesson to us, every one. I did manage to feel just a little sorry for Anne Forrest, who plays the part of the girl, but it wasn't because of the cunning manufacture of the rôle. It was because Arthur Hopkins chooses to play a cruel over-head lighting down upon her which doesn't flatter her at all. I could imagine just how she felt about it.

The climactic moments of the girl's deciding to be large and go through worse than death with the Prussian lieutenant and the scene in which she is cut by the Babbitts for her pains are also mysteriously smothered at birth. But, then, all of the 106 other versions of the story I have seen had something equally wrong with them. This version has, at least, the saving grace of a beautiful piece of acting by one Siegfried Rumann, who plays the Prussian lieutenant. He is one of those lovely parts in which the actor sits on a golden cloud a little above all the world and metes out justice and epigrams in cool aloofness, and Herr Rumann does it to perfection. Two such brilliant fellows as Kaufman and

Woollcott should, however, be ashamed of themselves to let an actor save their piece. Why didn't they think up a story out of their own heads?

PUTTING on a play is no end of bother and expense. The idea has to be got, the theatre rented, the actors talked out of their salaries and engaged, the lines learned and rehearsed, and rehearsed, and rehearsed. During the rehearsals, those who have the power of life and death over the business walk



Famed world traveler covers 500,000th mile in search for bathing beach like those in the big reviews.

up and down the dark aisles and watch and listen. Theirs to know whither they are drifting and wherefore. Theirs to decide at the proper moment that a foolish vow is better broken than kept. And still things like "The Nut Farm" get put on. It is one of the Great Mysteries.

THE MIDDLE WATCH" is an English farce with an English cast. It has to do with girls coming aboard a battleship and spending the night. To an Englishman, brought up to respect the Navy, this is apparently as flabbergasting as the notion of a bevy of cuties stopping over night in an archbishopric would be to the rest

of the world. If you are an American (and I do hope you are), brought up by the rotogravure sections to believe that the portholes of men-o'-war were built to frame pretty, smiling heads in borrowed sailors' caps, you will find "The Middle Watch" about as hilarious as a collection of cricket jokes.

AUSTIN PARKER'S "Week End" is a too, too accurate portrait of Americans living in France. They do go on that way, these expatriates, guzzling champagne, trying sincerely to do their duty by sin, talking to each other like characters in a lamely written play about themselves, and never quite getting anywhere with anything. They giggle all day and cry when they go to bed at night. Comedy centres about the bottle and tragedy is hopelessly blurred. Love amongst them is like the artichokes they eat; the best part is at the bottom, but by the time they reach it they've had enough. See "Week End" and cure yourself of that urge to Get Away from It All.

THERE is more accurate portraiture in George Kelly's "Maggie, the Magnificent"—the most dismal likenesses of the most dismal sort of people—but there is no spark of Mr. Kelly's fine talent for writing excellent plays. For what seems hours, a batch of dreary, disappointed women fuss and nag at each other until the dreariest of them slaps her daughter, Maggie, in the face. It is just the sort of thing that would happen regularly in such an atmosphere, but we are asked to believe that there is drama in it. Such people in such an interior wouldn't get as much as a three-column photograph in the tabloids for anything short of a torch murder.

LYNNE OVERMAN opened and closed promptly in a farce called "Button, Button," which should have stayed on for a while. There were some very funny lines in it built around intelligent subjects—but I suppose, in a farce, that in itself is enough to put one off.



DEAR, DEAR MRS. FISKE
 Back again in a fisky funny comedy called
 "Ladies of the Jury."

Movies • by Harry Evans



"Rio Rita"

WITH the presentation of "Rio Rita," Radio Pictures have brought the movie industry a step nearer a goal that has been listed among the improbabilities by leading dramatic experts, namely; adapting musical comedies and operettas to the screen in such a manner that the stupid plots will not seem any more sappy than they do on the stage. The mobility of the screen makes it possible to do away with the artificialities necessary to a stage production, and the resulting reality is not compatible with the usual musical comedy plot.

In "Rio Rita" there is still something to be desired, but Director Luther Reed has shown such ingenuity in the introduction of the singing and dancing that you may find it easy to forgive the inconsistencies of the story. If you saw "The Desert Song" (a most commendable effort) you may remember how the ferocious Arab tribesmen would come riding hell-bent from the desert where they had left hundreds of their enemies slaughtered in the blood-stained sands, jump off their fiery steeds, and start singing tenor. Mr. Reed has avoided this pitfall as much as possible by confining the action of "Rio Rita" to interiors. Another adroit touch is the tête-à-tête manner in which the love duets are performed. Usually the members of the ensemble stand around and gape while the principals are singing these intimate little ditties at each other, but Mr. Reed keeps the extras engaged in distant parts of the set as though they were

unaware of the two lovers who are pouring oil on their torch.

However, the most important thing that "Rio Rita" accomplishes is to bring to the screen the real personality of Bebe Daniels—a personality that was appreciated in the past only by those who knew her off the screen. Now that you can hear Miss Daniels' voice you may soon forget her as the athletic young lady who was interesting because she could hang by her

dress worn by Miss Daniels during the scene on the barge.

John Boles offers Miss Daniels splendid support and establishes himself as the most convincing light opera star who has been heard on the screen. He is a pleasantly handsome young man with intelligence enough to avoid the heroic mannerisms so typical of light opera singers, and in addition he can sing all the notes without cutting his throat on his collar to reach the low ones or the back of his neck to hit the high ones.

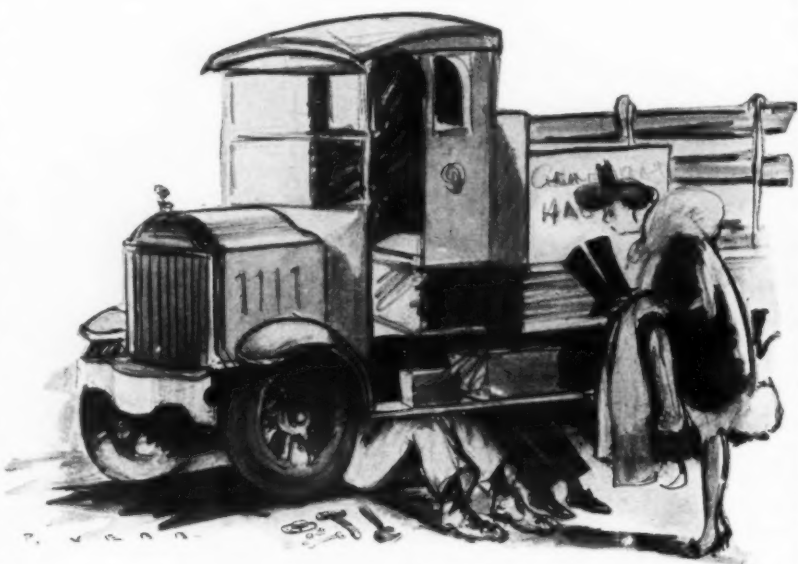
The laughs, and there are lots of them, are supplied by Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, who are funnier than they have ever been on the legitimate stage. We particularly recommend the scene during which they get tight and start seeing things. There are also fine performances by Dorothy Lee as the petite Dolly, and the well known stage star, George Renevan, as the villainous Ravenoff.

Radio Pictures have spared no expense to make "Rio Rita" first class eye and ear entertainment. LIFE recommends it.

"Salute"

THE Hollywood football season was officially opened with the release of "Salute," a gridiron vehicle starring George O'Brien. It is all about two brothers, one who goes to West Point and the other to Annapolis. George, the older (and maybe a bit too mature for West Point) is con-

(Continued on Page 36)



"What tha hell didja do with that little nut, Mr. Peebles?"

knees from an aeroplane, and remember her more pleasantly as a capable dramatic actress with a singing voice of unusual charm and naturalness. If you see the picture we call your attention to her rendition of "You're Always In My Arms" (not in the original score of "Rio Rita"), and that short bit of acting when her lover goes away, and she is shown with arms outflung against the door. Thousands of movie actresses have flung themselves against doors after retreating lovers, but Bebe does about the best piece of flinging we have ever seen. We also ask the ladies to take note of the cloth-of-gold



Mrs. Pepi's Diary

the finest first novels that ever I read, and I can hardly wait to hear what verdict various Watch and Ward Societies give it, for the material and the moral are as low as they well could be. But I do like the way it is wrote, and the idea of the heroine's cherishing an etching of

OCTOBER 17—A fine snow falling this morning, a phenomenon which drew both Virgie and me to the windows far earlier than I am usually about, and I do pray there be no earthquakes, however slight, such as there was last summer, for albeit many people did not mark it at all, and I thought it was merely a heavy truck on the road, it did knock Agnes Smith out of her bed, and the management of the inn where she was stopping did stoutly maintain to all guests with similar experiences that nought had happened, just as real estate agents will insist that there have been no burglars in your building, even though you have seen one getting away by your fire escape and know that the family above have lost all their silver. Once, too, a doorman did assure me there was not a fire in the house, albeit the corridors were full of smoke and helmeted men were dragging hose through them, which tops my instances of loyalty to the company. All the day abed, reveling in rest, and so to dinner at Mary's, where there was a great bowl of vanilla ice cream of which I ate at random, since after my test on the morrow I may again be reduced to two string beans a day, and Susan was there, and Colonel Brown and Bren Hyland, and we fell to cards, at which I won, thank God.

by
Baird
Leonard

OCTOBER 16—Awakened in the Hotel Fenimore in Cooperstown, where I have come for October air and some peace and quiet, but Lord! there was a terrible caterwauling from the town siren, itself an invention of the devil, and so insistent was it that I feared it might be a desperate call to volunteers for help, and that my maid Virgie and I would be forced to dash to the scene with buckets, which was not my plan for putting in the morning, but inquiry at the desk revealed that the thing was being tested, whereupon I told them that I, for one, would have been willing to certify as to its complete efficiency, having heard it distinctly the first time. Later, it was rumoured that the signals were out of order, and that the siren might go off at intervals of some duration, so as far as the effect on a tired woman's nerve goes, I might better and more cheaply be sitting in the middle of Third Avenue listening to the trucks roll by. Bill Fanshawe in with a great bunch of roses, and afterwards Mary Lowe, with news that she wished the great Dr. McKenzie, who heads the hospital, to have a look at me, so I all a-twitter, as though expecting a visit from royalty, albeit I had only my striped bathrobe to wear over my nightgown, and a pretty fair conviction that he would prescribe a blood test, which is what all churgeons seem to think of at once, and an agony which for me is almost beyond endurance, since my veins do apparently be glued to my bones. And he did, too, but he spoke such words of wisdom and comprehension that I felt as if I were talking with a goodlooking archangel, and forgot all about any defections in my apparel. All the morning gone in re-reading "Cora Potts," which is one of

Notre Dame for years under the impression it was Westminster Abbey. And when she told the debutantes that she had always had a lot of company where she lived before, which was in a bawdy house, and liked entertaining again, I broke Lord Chesterfield's mandate and indulged in audible laughter.



The Mayor says a few words at the laying of a cornerstone.

Confidential Guide



LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD
ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX-OFFICE
PRICES

SEE PAGE 34

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Moving drama of the slums that won the Pulitzer Prize.
- ★LET US BE GAY. *Little*. \$4.40—Francine Larimore in Rachel Crothers' amusing comedy.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—The British "All Quiet on the Western Front." Fine drama, beautifully acted.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Fun in an English tavern, by John Drinkwater.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Dirty fun, belascoed.
- ★GAMBLING. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—George M. Cohan as a relentless, tight-lipped gambler.
- ★SCARLET PAGES. *Morosco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elsie Ferguson as a two-fisted, hard-hitting lawyer.
- ★REMOTE CONTROL. *Forty-eighth Street*—How murder is done in a radio broadcasting station.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's troupe in various good things from foreign parts.
- STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*—The best comedy in town. The best play, for that matter.
- ★ROPE'S END. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder for the thrill in Mayfair. Best of the horrors.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder before your eyes in a subway car. One of the best.
- MANY WATERS. *Maxine Elliott's*—Homely life story of homely little people. Ernest Truex.
- SEE NAPLES AND DIE. *Vanderbilt*—Elmer Rice's comedy of Americans abroad. The wise-crack barrage has been reduced.
- ★CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*. \$4.40—Frothy epigrams in a Viennese setting. Gertrude Lawrence.
- ★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*—Grim and powerful prison drama.
- AMONG THE MARRIED. *Forty-ninth Street*—Love among the golfers and fight-fans.
- THE HOUSE OF FEAR. *Republic*—Effie Shannon wasted in a spook thriller.
- JENNY. *Booth*—Jane Cowl as Jane Cowl.
- JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*—10,000 laughs at the song-writers, by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman.
- ★BONDS OF INTEREST. *Hampden's*. \$3.85—Walter Hampden in a traditional comedy by Benevente.
- THE NUT FARM. *Biltmore*—Hollywood farce. The worst ever.

THE MIDDLE WATCH. *Times Square*—Girls aboard His Majesty's battleships.

THE CHANNEL ROAD. *Plymouth*—Woolcott's and Kaufman's version of Maupassant's "Boule de Suif."

★LADIES OF THE JURY. *Erlanger's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske hilariously swinging the jury.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Forrest*—A revival of the Drinkwater play, with Frank Glynn as Abe.

★STRIPPED. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Lionel Atwill and stolen jewels.

THE TAILOR MADE MAN. *Gallo*—Grant Mitchell in the part.

WEEK END. *John Golden*—Comedy of American drinkers in France—and very good.

BUTTON, BUTTON. *Bijou*—Lynne Overman in a nutty and amusing farce.

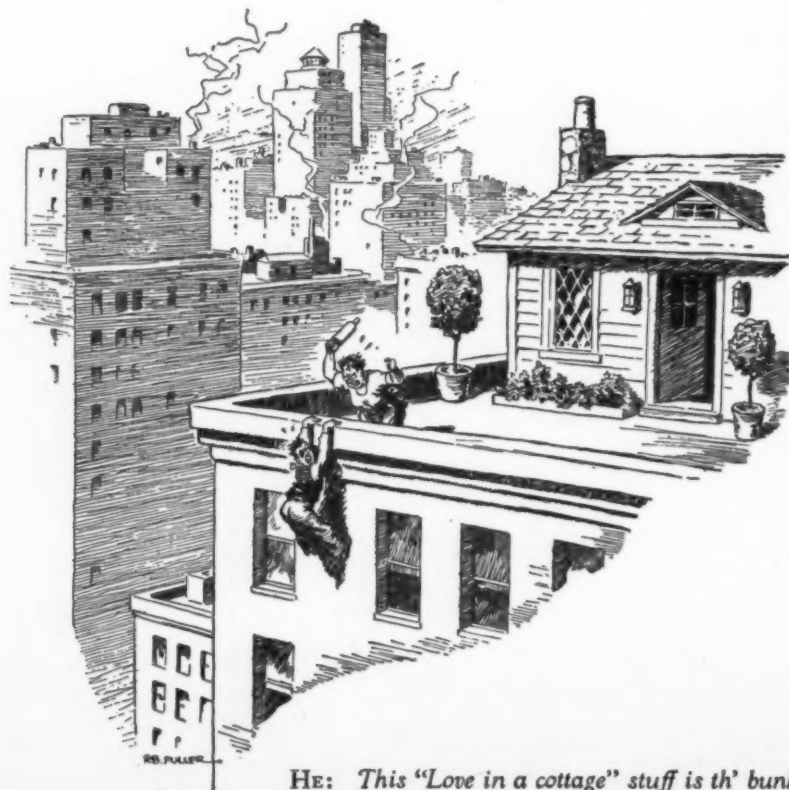
Eye and Ear

- ★THE NEW MOON. *Imperial*. \$5.50—An opera you will remember. Second year.
- WHOOPEE. *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—Made by Eddie Cantor.
- ★FOLLOW THRU. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—Going as strong as it was a year ago.
- ★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen moanin' low and wittily.
- EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*—Cleaner and better.
- ★SWEET ADELINE. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Hit of the gay 'nineties. Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin and Charles Butterworth.
- ★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Good dancing. Queenie Smith and Andrew Tombes.
- GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—Bigger and about the same as ever. Frances Williams, Willie Howard and Mr. White's self.
- GREAT DAY. *Cosmopolitan*—Excellent songs by Vincent Youmans in a dull setting.

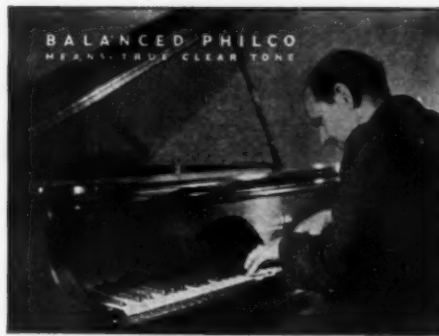
Movies

- APPLAUSE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Helen Morgan climbs down off the piano and becomes a capable dramatic actress.
- DISRAELI. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—George Arliss' stage masterpiece preserved for posterity through the screen. Magnificent.
- WHY BRING THAT UP. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Moran and Mack in a tiresome rehash of the "early bird and worm" stuff.
- THE LADY LIES. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert in an interesting story about kept women.
- FLIGHT. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves making Nicaragua safe for the Marines. Good aerial photography.
- And you should see *The Hollywood Revue*, *Gold Diggers of Broadway*, *Bulldog Drummond*, *Madam X*, *The Dance of Life*.

(Continued on Page 34)



HE: This "Love in a cottage" stuff is th' bunk!



PHILCO adds to its famous line SCREEN GRID PLUS!

A super-radio for people who want super-performance

THE PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS is a nine tube set built specifically for people whose radio requirements are unusual.

Enormous Power. We are frank to say that many of its advantages are not needed for normal use. But to the radio owner who lives in a big city where local stations are bunched so closely that they tend to crowd out distant stations, the Philco Screen Grid Plus offers a new thrill by bringing in distant stations in spite of these adverse conditions.

Daylight reception. And to radio owners who live in smaller towns at a distance from

good broadcasting, Philco Screen Grid Plus makes daylight reception available, often for the first time, and offers in the evenings a far wider selection of programs than ever before possible.

Fading automatically reduced. To both city and smaller town owners who want distant station reception, the automatic volume control of the new Philco is indispensable, because through this automatic volume control the tendency of distant stations to fade and swell is largely eliminated.

Absolutely linear detection. To families who want almost auditorium volume for entertaining or dancing, the Philco multiplex detector circuit (the first absolutely linear detector circuit ever produced in any radio) makes possible very great volume without the slightest distortion.

Background noises reduced. To critical music lovers seeking the utmost clarity of tone, the new circuit of the Philco Screen Grid Plus presents a considerable lessening of static and other interference noises. And, of course, no hum.

No blare. For people who dislike having strong local stations blare into the room as the radio dial is turned, the automatic volume control, to a large extent, equalizes the volume of strong and weak stations to whatever level they desire.

Best of all, these super-features are automatic. No new controls have been added.

Philco challenges any radio at any price to match these entirely new super-features of the Philco Screen Grid Plus.

- 1 Automatic volume control, automatically reducing fading.
- 2 Entirely new circuit which automatically reduces background noises including static. (And, of course, no hum.)
- 3 New and literally enormous power, making it easy to get distant stations even in the daytime.
- 4 New super-sharp selectivity over the entire dial, bringing in distant stations, even in the midst of strong locals.
- 5 Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion—the result of the entirely new multiplex detector circuit. And in addition—the standard Philco tone—marvelously rich, clear, and true.

On Sunday, December 8th, Philco again sponsors the broadcasting of Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The regular Philco Hour continues every Friday at 9:30 P.M.



THE PHILCO LOWBOY

With Screen Grid Chassis \$119.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis \$129.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis \$149.50

The Philco Screen Grid Plus can also be had in a Table Model, a Highboy, and a Highboy de Luxe. Other Philco models, \$67 to \$225. All prices less tubes—and slightly higher in Canada, Rockies and West. Each model, regardless of price, uses a genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker with two 245 power tubes, push-pull.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

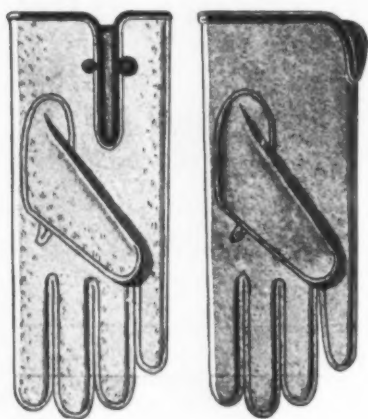
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

★

ON THE ONE HAND— AND ON THE OTHER!



SINCE 1777, Fownes Gloves have been distinguished for certain things . . . on the one hand, superb leathers . . . on the other, fine workmanship . . . and on both hands, style! All good reasons why you see Fownes Gloves everywhere this fall—on the smarter streets—in the better cheering sections.

Two popular models are pictured here. At the left is a snap-fastener glove of walnut goatskin, rugged, enduring, good-looking, with a rough grain altogether appropriate for informal and sports wear. Best of all, when it's soiled, you can wash it in soap and water!

At the right is a slate-gray glove of the finest Blackhead mocha. Aristocrat of leathers, it is soft and comfortable, always correct. The style shown is the side-cut Sesqui, which simply pulls on without fasteners of any kind. Both gloves are tanned and cut with the skill born of 150 years at the craft. Both are saddle-stitched and rip-proof sewn.

But to fully appreciate the smartness, fit and finish of these and other Fownes Gloves, you really must try your hand in them. You can, at your favorite shops. Prices from \$3 to \$15. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

IT'S A FOWNES

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO
KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 32)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy

C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays

H Headwaiter

SWIG The price of Sandwiches, (2 chicken)
White Rock, Ice, Gingerale (for two)

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A swell place to meet your friends. C.\$3. H.Arnold. SWIG.\$4.

CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. Francis Williams and Keating, the magician. C.\$4. H.Louis. SWIG.\$5.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. C.\$2.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50 H.Charlie. SWIG.\$1.85.

CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SWIG.\$2.75.

COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. Von Grona and Bouvier, Blanche Fleming. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SWIG.\$4.00.

LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SWIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. * C.\$4. H.Maraschino.

MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. * C.\$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. C.\$4.

TROCADERO, 35 E. 53rd. Formerly Heigh-Ho and just about the same. * C.\$3.

VILLA VALLEE, 10 E. 60. Where Rudy is supposed to hang out. * C.\$3.

Records

MORE THAN YOU KNOW. From "Great Day."
WHAT WOULDN'T I DO FOR THAT MAN.
From "Applause." Sung by Helen Morgan.
Don't miss it. (Victor)

YOU'VE GOT ME PICKIN' PETALS OFF OF
DAISIES,
AREN'T WE ALL?
Two lively fox-trots from "Sunny Side Up."
(Columbia)

I DON'T WANT YOUR KISSES
Good dance number, vocal chorus.
UNTIL THE END.....Waltz. (Columbia)

AT TWILIGHT.....Tuneful and relaxing.
WHEN YOU'RE COUNTING THE STARS
ALONENot so good. (Columbia)

Answers to Anagrams

on page 15

- (1.) Prospect.
- (2.) Outside.
- (3.) Censor.
- (4.) Professor.
- (5.) Heiress.
- (6.) Magnetic.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

* * *

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET-SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

* * *

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

* * *

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded by return mail.

* * *

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

* * *

NO ORDERS TAKEN FOR MATINEES.

* * *

No money refunded on orders without seven days' notice.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats)

(Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



New York Should Be Glad

LIFE has undertaken to satisfy a long felt want of visitors to New York.

With the old-fashioned theatre in difficulties in other parts of the country, tickets to successful shows in New York have gone higher and higher in price. More and more it has become difficult to get reasonably good seats at the box offices. Most of these seats are in the hands of speculators and it is not unusual to pay twelve or fifteen dollars apiece for them.

LIFE has made an arrangement with many of the theatres by which it is enabled to furnish reasonably good tickets to even the most successful shows at box-office prices. In order to keep these tickets out of the hands of speculators you do not get regular theatre tickets in exchange for your check to LIFE. You get an order on the theatre box-office which calls for the delivery of tickets after eight o'clock on the night of the performance.

We do not know how far LIFE's effort will go, or whether it will be taken up by other organizations until it is again practicable for visitors to New York to see New York shows at box-office prices. Certainly the store managers and hotel keepers of New York should wish for such a development. Their prosperity depends very largely upon New York's reputation as the nation's greatest pleasure resort. But New York has been losing its attractiveness for many visitors because of theatre prices and traffic jams. When a man has paid twenty-five or thirty dollars for two seats at a theatre and then arrives half an hour late because it has taken him thirty-five minutes to go half a mile in a taxi, he is apt to wonder if it is all worth while. Nobody has offered a solution for the traffic difficulty—but there should be some manner of escape from theatre prices so high as to make the whole atmosphere of New York appear to visitors as one of gouge and grab.

—From an Editorial in
The Cincinnati Times-Star.

A scientist has discovered a new species of mosquito. We understand, however, that it discovered him first.

—Humorist.

"Do you refuse to pay that fiver I lent to you?"

"Oh, no, I don't refuse. I just refrain."

—Pearson's.



800,000 ADDITIONAL TELEPHONES ARE GOING INTO USE THIS YEAR

A million and a half dollars a day

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

MORE than 200 new Bell telephone buildings are going up this year in the United States, 800,000 additional telephones are going into use and new switchboards to care for 3,000,000 additional calls a day. Thousands of miles of new cable, millions of miles of wire, new carrier systems, vacuum tubes and loading coils.

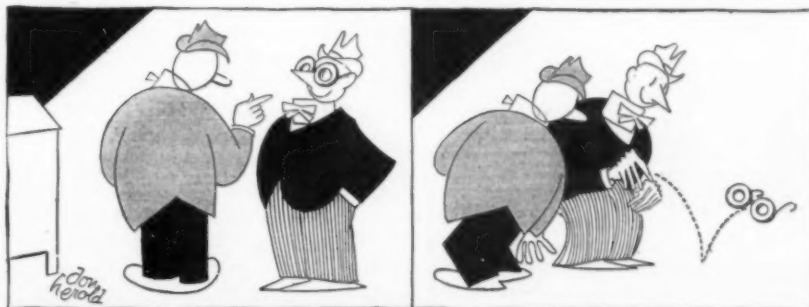
These are a few of the things in the 1929 construction and improvement program of the Bell System which will cost more than 550 million dollars—a million and a half a day.

Telephone growth is essential to the new American civilization of better opportunity for the average man. The Bell System employs

more than 400,000 workers, is owned by 450,000 stockholders and serves the people of the nation.

Every day the Bell System is extending its lines to more people, increasing the speed and accuracy of its service, giving greater comfort and convenience in telephone use. All of this is done that each individual may get the most from this means of all inclusive and instantaneous communication and that the nation may be one neighborhood.

This is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.



"Why the extra huge rims on the specs, Horace?"
"I drop 'em so much I had to go to balloon tires."

Movies

(Continued from Page 30)



Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down: flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-52
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA,
all charges paid.

Name

Address

In Canada address 402 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.

vincing enough as a football star, but there will be some conversation among the sporting fraternity about the activities of his young brother, played by William Janney.

The climax is the big Army-Navy game. (They used to play each other, you know.) After two years of hard work little brother William has made the squad as a Navy substitute, so he sits on the sidelines and watches big brother George rip the Navy line to pieces. George keeps knocking them out until the coach, in desperation has to use little William at right end, but before sending him in the coach reminds him that George is the guy who stole his girl. Goaded by this taunt Sweet William becomes Bad Bill, and you should see what he does to George.

To the credit of Director John Ford it must be said that most of the football scenes are well staged, but the shots showing Mr. O'Brien being thrown for losses by the kid brother (weighing about 130 pounds) may leave you with the impression that George was playing in the backfield by himself, or that his interference fell dead somewhere. We would also like to take Knute Rockne to this picture and watch his face while George is calling signals.

The one thing that made "Salute" worth while for this department was the presence of Stepin Fetchit in the cast. Since we first saw this amazingly funny negro in "Hearts in Dixie" we have tried to keep in touch with his activities and it is a relief to note that the directors have done nothing to spoil his natural ability to express the humor of the colored race at its best. The night we saw "Salute" at the Roxy Theatre, the audience laughed every time this darky opened his mouth.

Frank Albertson is also amusing as a smart-Aleck Navy plebe.

"Salute" is, therefore, a football picture with a West Point-Annapolis background that is impressively displayed, and a cast that is adequate if not distinguished. The recording is very poor at times, and the photography is ordinary. As one lady passed us on the way out of the theatre she said, "That is a right cute picture" . . . and so it is.

A man in Atchison, Kansas, can play a ukulele with his toes. This is an advantage, leaving the hands free for self-defense. —*Detroit News*.

A visiting film star says she rides a lot and is very attached to horses. That's really the only successful way to ride. —*London Opinion*.



In a Climate That is Health's Best Friend

HAVE you ever suddenly desired a few days' vacation—to begin at once? Then come to Pinehurst, N. C. It's near enough* for a short visit if you're rushed—or a winter's stay if you have the leisure.

Outdoor good times are at their best. 5 famous Ross golf courses (new grass tees), riding, tennis, etc.

For new booklet or reservations at Carolina Hotel (now open) address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

*15½ hour trip direct to Pinehurst on through Pullmans leaving N. Y. at 6:40 P. M.



Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort



"I wish they'd talk louder, I simply can't hear a word they're saying."



A MATTER OF TASTE

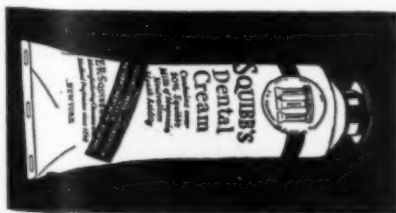
THE preference for Squibb's Dental Cream is just that. Especially if you smoke. For the daily use of Squibb's is a mighty inexpensive way to get the fullest flavor from your cigar or cigarette.

Right from the start, you'll find each puff more mellow—more full-bodied. 'Cause Squibb's deposits myriads of small Milk of Magnesia particles in the mouth crevices.

There they stay protecting you from a bitter, jaggy taste.

Squibb's Dental Cream is for sale at all drug stores. 40c a generous tube. Start today to get the full joy of smoking.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Have Women A Sense Of Humor?



"Woman laughed man from the jungle into a home. She laughed him into clothes, and she has led him through the ages unimproved, unchanged, unbearable, still of, for and fitted to jungle life—a playful little monkey. She might better have halted and skinned him alive . . . and yet he asks, 'Has woman a sense of humor?' The nerve of him!"—William Allen White at Press Club Dinner.

The Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of LIFE, are giving the women of America a chance to prove they have a sense of humor. This nation-wide contest, starting Nov. 1, will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Club for the cleverest material, on any subject, submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in LIFE and regular rates will be paid for them in addition to the prizes. The prizes will be as follows: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each. The following is a list of the judges:

Carolyn Wells
Baird Leonard
William Allen White
Margaret Sanger
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Donald Ogden Stewart
O. O. McIntyre
Rupert Hughes
Kathleen Norris
Irvin S. Cobb

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Woman's Press Club Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return of Manuscripts enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. In case of a tie, each of the winning contestants will receive a prize.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by LIFE's artists. Articles must not be longer than 250 words.

Add European Flavour To Your Next Party!



Smart parties are brighter, jollier, more successful when your "libations" make a hit. Memories of Ciro's in Paris, the Savoy in London, or the cheery Adlon in Berlin, are evoked in cocktails, punches or what not in which these European flavours are used. They are identical in flavour with those served abroad because they are made in the same distilleries.

HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY

Direct from London where it is especially distilled for the American market.



Try This Cocktail

4 parts Holloway's London Dry, 1 part Caloric Punch juice of 1 lemon. Shake well with cracked ice.



CALORIC PUNCH...

From Stockholm a luscious flavour similar to Bacardi.



Grand Marnier

Made and Bottled in FRANCE

Imported from Paris to top off the dinner. Gives sparkle and zest to any repast. Europe's favorite since 1827.

On sale at all good grocers. Send for interesting recipe book L. which tells how to mix cocktails, drinks, etc.

B. B. DORF & CO., 350 W. 31st St., N. Y.
Also Importers of Nuyens' Cordials, Creme de Coeos, Creme de Menthe, Apricot, French Dry Vermouth.

Wetzel

Established 1874
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

PERFECTION in men's clothes is attained by a nicety of details harmoniously attuned—for years an accomplishment of Wetzel.

Copyright
by Wetzel

The PREFERENCE CHEST

20
interchange-
able labels
with every
genuine Pref-
erence Chest
PAT.
APPLIED
FOR

Cool Nights again . . . warm friends return! How well the fragrance of blue smoke blends with what November brings. But tastes in cigarettes differ radically nowadays . . . Ah . . . *pass the Preference Chest!* It offers one and all their choice . . . any 4 brands . . . thus revealing your courtesy and *savoir-faire*.

Exquisite cabinetwork . . . hinged lid . . . solid mahogany throughout, lacquered in Green, Black, Chinese Red mounted with old English prints in full color, or in Natural Finish (without print). Utterly modern, always a welcome gift or prize, a compliment to fine furnishings in home, office or directors' room. Retailers not yet supplied are also invited to write at once.

OLD COLONY DISTRIBUTING CO.,

Dept. L, 99 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

\$5.00

At leading local stores, or sent postpaid. (\$5.50 West of the Rockies). De luxe leather-covered Chests \$16—with Galvano plaque \$20—white jade dragon \$30.

A Rooster Named Emma

(Continued from Page 13)

safely. Emma, he knew, was beside a wall in the left corner. He found the wall. Groping, his hand touched a smooth box balanced on some wreckage. The box toppled forward. It landed in some live coals, sending up a shower of sparks.

As Corporal Jerry dropped there came a blinding flash. The box, with its fifty white flares, any one of which would have brought daylight to the valley, had exploded.

Back behind the American lines battery after battery of heavy artillery sprang into action. The long lines of the enemy sweeping across the valley were stamped under the inferno of bursting shells.

Seizing the opportune moment, the artillery changed its fire to a barrage creeping toward the enemy trenches. Behind the barrage came the American infantry.

On through the valley, through the village, up and across the ridge at the other side swept the doughboys.

The next day a battered and bandaged Corporal Jerry lay on a cot in a field hospital clutching to his bosom a rooster.

The regimental chaplain stopped beside the cot and read the white tag. "Ah, yes!" he smiled. "This is the lad who gets the D. S. C."

"Emma! Emma!" said the delirious Corporal Jerry, patting the rooster.

The chaplain bent forward and examined the rooster. It was a bronze weathercock with a bullet hole through its back.



"I guess I'm run down. It's such an effort to make my smile spontaneous nowadays."

M A R M O N

BIG EIGHT



Marmon now presents a new, big fine car. + + + over two years designing and proving out the chassis; a like period in finding here and abroad the exact last note in body architecture and fitments. + + + UNDER THE HOOD—125 H. P. straight-eight engine.

+ + + INSIDE — roominess and luxurious detail beyond any previous fine car conception. + + + pictures, specifications and prices on application. + + + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

A Short History of the Dotted Line



The Inventor, Mr. Oliphant Udall, in His Study.

WE ALL take everything in this wonderful world of ours too much for granted. When we use, for instance, such every-day conveniences as the phonograph, the thimble, the sperm whale harpoon and the moth ball, little do we think of the brave men who died that we might have them.

Until late last century, there was no dotted line. And had Oliphant Udall never given his all, we might still be bungling along dotted-lineless today. Udall (a young engineer of courage and vision) wanted awfully to subscribe to a number of magazines . . . but as there were no dotted lines, he simply could not do so.

Determined to invent one, cost what it might, he gritted his teeth, kissed his bride and his children farewell, and locked himself up in his draughting room.

Ten harrowing years of concentrated privation he remained there, wearing out hundreds of slide rules and sextants in the soul-rending grind of creation. At last,

pallid of countenance, his hair thinning on top, Oliphant Udall crawled forth and presented the world with its first dotted line! After designing them in every possible form and contour, he had discovered that the straight dotted line was the most scientifically sound.

But . . . oh, the cost! In the interim his wife had eloped with a scoundrel named Umlaut, his sons had become Anchorites and his only daughter, Imogene, an incurable Cenobite. And his fine front lawn had become hopelessly overgrown with a rank sort of weed. In less than a week Oliphant Udall died, succumbing to a bad cough contracted in his draughting room.

Today, oddly enough, is the thirty-second anniversary of this brave man's death. In commemoration of his supreme sacrifice, LIFE is printing below an exact reproduction of Mr. Oliphant Udall's Original Dotted Line!

The best way we can honor his memory is by using his line for the noble purpose he had intended it.

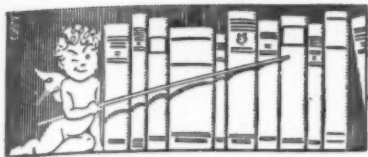
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 508 Madison Avenue, New York

Ten weeks (U. S. and Canada)	\$1.00	Foreign	\$1.40
Twenty weeks (U. S. and Canada)	\$2.00	Foreign	\$2.80
One Year (U. S. and Canada)	\$5.00	Foreign	\$6.60

Dear LIFE:

Enclosed, find \$

Pay tribute
to Mr. Udall
by writing your
name and address
here



From the New Books

The woman who loves an artist nearly always loses, and never quite knows why. If she can make her own appeal stronger than the appeal of his art, she destroys him as an artist; and after she has destroyed him she will cease to love him, for the thing in him that attracted her is dead. It should be of great educational value to any woman to be loved by an artist, but she should never commit the mistake of loving him in return.

—From *A Variety of People*,
by Don Marquis.

Mr. T. Lawrence Lamb weaved his long, shad-bellied body down the aisle, and as one sorely stricken in affliction, crumpled into a seat. He hoped prayerfully that the other half of it would remain unoccupied . . . Every evening he hoped this and almost every evening his hope was disregarded.

Mr. Lamb automatically elevated his knees. Out came his paper and off went the train. All set. Another day smeared. . . .

There were newspapers everywhere . . . Alluring tabloids with impartially quartered front pages displayed one pair of robust legs, one good corpse, a sanguinary railroad accident, and a dull looking pugilist. What more could any reasonable person want?

—From *The Stray Lamb*,
by Thorne Smith.

"I don't believe in God. I can see no reason why I should. I have never known Him. The rich have a good time, and the poor are wretched . . . We are now in the fourth year of the war, and hundreds of thousands of men have been dying in the course of each of those years—without any cause . . . If there be a God who sees everything, and takes no steps to prevent evil things from happening, I, for one, have no use for Him."

—From *Zero Hour*,
by Georg Grabenhorst.

Why don't some o' our celebrated scientists or inventors git up a substitute fer inspectors? All great calamities on land or sea, all bank failures, collapsin' theatres, faulty grandstands, holocausts, ever'thing 'cept tornadoes, have been traced directly to inspectors that didn' inspect.

—Abe Martin's *Town Pump*,
by Kin Hubbard.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you
have done a hole in one . . . be
nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



ARTIST: I thought I had one or two rather good plumber jokes in my portfolio, but I'm afraid I'll have to go back and get them.

—Humorist.



Meet the two Vermouths!

...ITALIAN and FRENCH



Let these two congenial, entertaining gentlemen remind you that there are two kinds of Martini & Rossi Vermouth for your fancy beverages, salads, sauces and desserts.

Italian dry and French extra dry. When we say dry we mean...a delectable tart snappy taste that brings appetite up from the cellar with a huzza.

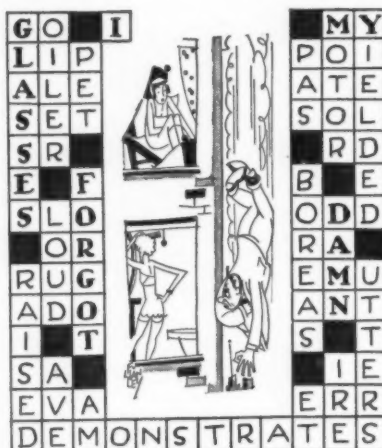
Martini & Rossi Vermouth has brightened the conversation of royal courts...so you can use it with a flourish at bridge and when daddy comes home. Follow the palate in choosing the Italian or French...or in combining them as many do...

Send for Recipes which have thrilled Castles and Court Salons

Vaudeville skits for the palate. These recipes produce tastes which dance and electrify. Go to your food shop for Martini & Rossi Vermouth and write to us for the book and pad...W. A. Taylor & Co., 94N Pine Street, New York.

MARTINI & ROSSI
Vermouth
... before dinner

Prize Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 8



Damn! I forgot my glasses!

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

J. D. Gray, Jr.,
8036 Western Avenue,
Montreal West, Que., Can.

No matter how far a man falls, he never loses his sense of proportions.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Mrs. A. L. Werker,
2653 Hollyridge Drive,
Hollywood, Calif.

Be prepared! Whatever your position in Life.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

H. W. Townsend,
231 Lawrence Avenue,
Highland Park, N. J.

The finish is unimportant when the body lines are attractive.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Herbert Gay Sisson,
929 Nassau Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

He should drop by again sometime when he can see more of the girls.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"I think I will have to get a new car."

"What's wrong with the one you have?"

"I can't pay for it." —Pearsons.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

When your Hostess serves

Apollinaris

she is thoughtful of you

"The Queen of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



Thrifty Benjamin Franklin having discovered electricity, commences to see possibilities.

TO FLORIDA VIA.

Kenilworth Inn

Go Southward with the season to Asheville and nature's most glorious autumn in the Great Smokies and Blue Ridge Mountains. At Kenilworth Inn the perfect service and accommodations make for a most delightful interlude in the fall before the winter season begins. Famous Highways lead into Asheville from all points. Write for information or reservations—

ASHEVILLE, N.C.



eyes you envy

Those eyes on the screen that you so enviously admire owe much of their beauty to *Murine*. Stars like it because it harmlessly brightens their eyes and makes them look much larger. 60c at drug and dep't stores.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

DUPLEX DECK ESTABLISHES NEW HIGH

Scores Double and Single Meld in Pinochle. The Double feature adds 20 additional Poker hands, from a pair to Double Royal Flush. Numerical or Domino Poker, scores from twelve to eighty. Three decks in one, covering the range of all standard card games.

At your dealer's, or send \$1.00 for sample deck.

DUPLEX CARD CORPORATION,
135 Broadway, Rochester, N. Y.

Teacher had been giving a class of youngsters some idea of proverbs, and after the lesson she put some questions.

"Birds of a feather do what, Peggy?" she demanded.

"Lay eggs," piped the small girl without hesitation. —Pearson's.

WELCOME to NEW YORK and The HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON

31 ST. ST. AND 7TH AVE.
opposite PENNA. R.R. STATION

1200 Rooms
each with
Bath and
Servidor

ERNEST G. KILL
Gen. Mgr.

ROOM AND BATH 3⁰⁰ UP

An apparatus has been put on the market that allows deaf people to hear the talkies. This is a nasty shock to deaf people, who must have thought they were exempt.

—London Opinion.

"What is the first thing that strikes a visitor to London?" asks a writer. If he is unlucky, it is a 'bus.

—Humorist.

NURSE: It's a boy.

CONFIRMED GOLFER: Hurrah! A caddie! —Pearson's.

During the recent heat wave, a Liverpool typist worked in her bathing costume. It is not known how it came to be noticed. —Dublin Opinion.

MISTRESS: Be careful not to drop those china dishes, Kate.

MAID: Don't worry, mum. If they did fall, they're too light to hurt my feet. —Pearson's.

A London police-court magistrate says that women age quicker than men. But less often. —Punch.

"I've got half a mind to get married."

"Well, that's all you need."

—Tit-Bits.

Two golfers, strangers to each other, were drawn as partners in a seaside foursome tournament. One was clearly a novice at the game. He had a positive genius for sending the mutual ball into the rough.

At last his exasperated colleague approached him and whispered: "You've paid your entry money, haven't you?"

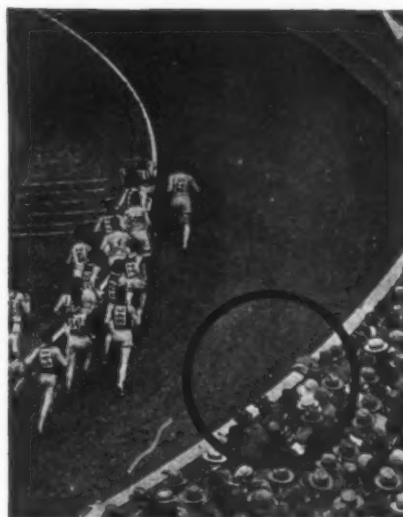
"Certainly," replied the other, indignantly.

"Very well," said the first man, confidentially, "I just wanted to tell you that if you've paid you are quite entitled to use the fairway."

—Tit-Bits.



"No, Marie, tell the man we don't need any exterminator."



Exclusive news photo of Mr. Oscar J. Beep at the track
(Circle indicates Mr. Beep)

"It's a Thoroughbred"

—exclaims Mr. Beep

Prominent Race Track Figure A Confirmed Automatch User

"Any man who follows the horses as I do (heh, heh), will do well to use an Automatch. You spring the barrier and she's lit—every time. No false starts. No scratches. I'm very fond of my Automatch. Indeed, when mother isn't looking I often take it to bed with me."

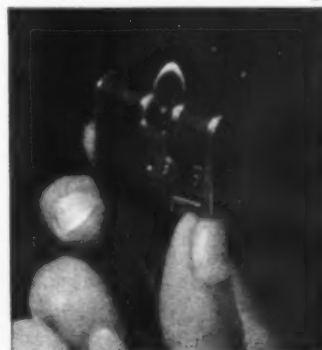
Thank you, Mr. Beep. Other Automatch addicts share your enthusiasm. They like its consistent performance... the asbestos wick that never wears out... the automatic flint-replacement signal... and the mechanism that does away with all protrusions on the outside.

Automatch is smart, aristocratic, entirely new in design. Covered in leather or reptile skins, natural or in color. Price \$5.00 at leading department stores, jewelry stores, drug stores, and specialty shops. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AUTOMATCH

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The NEW and DIFFERENT Lighter



LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzles \$100.00 in Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00

2nd Prize \$25.00

3rd Prize \$15.00

4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

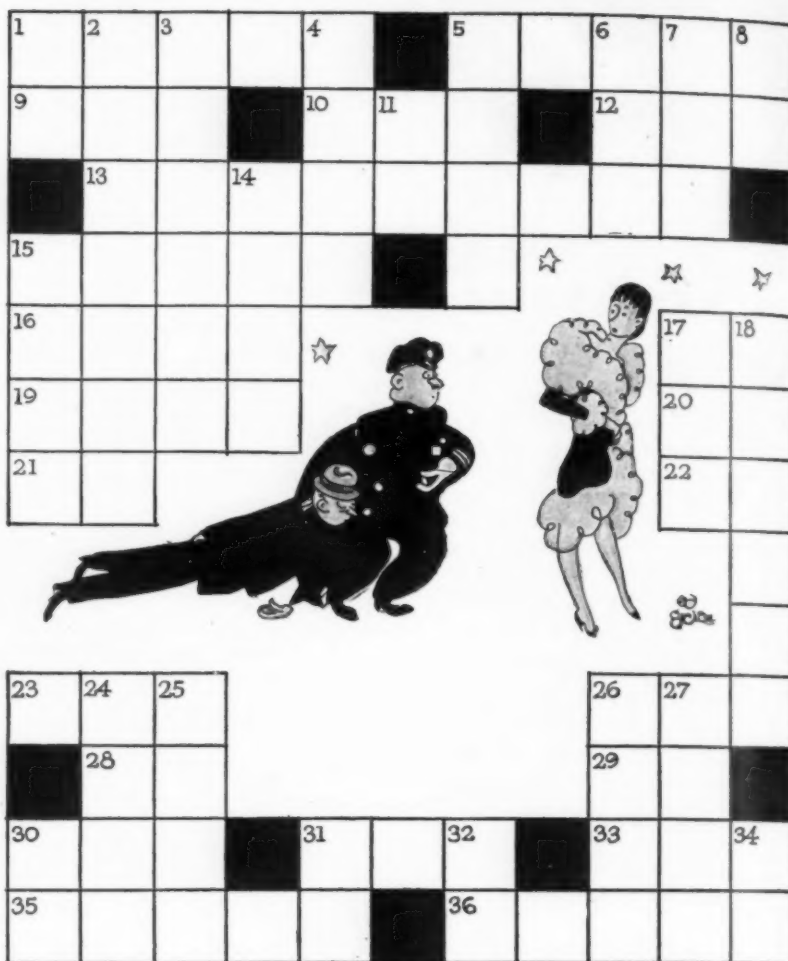
After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, November 22.*

HORIZONTAL

1. To assess for taxation. (Scots Law.)
5. Something about the girl friend.
9. What a girl gets for marrying.
10. Possessive pronoun.
12. A pronoun.
13. Ham actors are always striking these.
15. The kind of people who write True Story Confessions.
16. This is deep stuff for a girl.
17. A mark of distinction in England. (abbr.)
19. An act.
20. Everyone, considered separately. (abbr.)
21. This has feet but can't walk.

Puzzle No. 13



Winners of this Puzzle will appear in the December 13 issue.

22. A wielder of the Big Stick. (init.)
23. Done.
26. To put on.
28. To this or that degree.
29. This runs all over the country. (abbr.)
30. Any cop would like to put this down.
31. You will have to do this to get something for nothing.
33. You must use pull to get anywhere with this.
35. Untidy.
36. The doctor's Nemesis.
5. This beats the band.
6. This is a good looker.
7. The only thing that can quiet some radio announcers.
8. An abbreviation for Sunday.
11. A French conjunction.
14. Stepped on.
15. This is class conscious.
17. What Napoleon and Wellington did at Waterloo.
18. This cheats the hangman.
24. What Napoleon lived on—after Waterloo.
25. Acts.
26. Prohibitionists and aviators should never take this.
27. What the movies have become.
30. This comes after midnight. (abbr.)
31. At hand.
32. A good place to look for wise crackers. (abbr.)
34. A note for a singer.

VERTICAL

1. State militia. (abbr.)
2. What the good Scout did.
3. It takes a lot of money to keep this up.
4. That which is present.



FROM figured floor to fan-light window, this bathroom is packed with new ideas. The room as a whole effectively illustrates the present mode of imaginative decoration. The gleaming black and the architectural design of *Corwith* lavatory, bath, and dressing table, tell the story of color and form in fixtures. But newest of all are the jewel-like faucets and wastes and shower trimmings. Spouts square, escutcheons severely plain, handles crystal glass, they are here

shown gold-plated to match the gold-plated legs of the fixtures. They may be silver or chromium plated to harmonize with other decorative themes . . . There are also other new Crane art-designs for trimmings, octagonal or richly chased. When planning the unusual bathroom, see them at nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms. Write for the book, *Bathrooms for Out-of-the-Ordinary Homes*. About installation, consult your architect and a responsible plumbing contractor.

150
Pounds Pressure



CRANE



2500
Pounds Pressure

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago + 23 W. 44th St., New York + Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED

False modesty is a relic of an ancient prejudice. AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE has cut it away and, in behalf of better health and pure enjoyment, sponsors the fashion of sensible swimming attire.



WINSOR
MEYER

"TOASTING DID IT"—

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive acids (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.